THE BRIDGE

ON THE

RIVER KWAI

by

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First Draft.

FADE IN:

1. MED. LONG SHOT - EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE - MALAYA JUNGLE - NIGHT. A railroad track hugs the steep, overgrown incline and disappears into the mouth of a tunnel. OVER the shot there is the distant grumble of an approaching train. An instant later, it is submerged in the shriek of the locomotive whistle. The insane shriek of the whistle continues OVER:

2. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK - where two men - SHEARS and WARDEN - are crouched over the explosive charges they have laid along the track. They look at each other for an instant, realising they have only minutes to spare, then go back to work. Dirty, ragged, bearded, their tommy guns within close reach, they work in the glow of their small torches with the swiftness and efficiency of experience, unhampered by the packs on their backs. Shears is fastening plastic explosive to the rail. Warden is connecting a fog signal to the main fuse. The shriek of the locomotive whistle dies away. In its place, the growl of the approaching train can be plainly heard, louder than before.

3-6. EXT. JUNGLE - RAILROAD TRACK - SERIES OF SHOTS: The train roaring through the night, its headlight splitting the darkness, its grinding roar reverberating back from the jungle. The whistle shrieks again, drowning out all other sound.

7. INT. MOVING LOCOMOTIVE. The Tamil Engineer is pulling the whistle cord. The Tamil Fireman is stoking the boiler. Two armed Japanese Soldiers are lolling at the rear of the cab. The whistle blast continues OVER the shot.

8. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK - as the whistle fades.. The sound of the approaching train is louder, closer. Shears finishes lashing the last lump of plastic, checks it, gets his tommy gun and torch and crawls closer to Warden. Warden is in difficulty. The wires are stubborn, contrary, fighting and eluding his fingers. Shears squats alongside him, adding the light of his torch to Warden's, watching but not interfering. The grumble of the approaching train has become a bellow. The end of the wire breaks in Warden's pliers. He starts again.

WARDEN
(without pausing)
Go on. I'll catch up with you.

SHEARS
Cross your heart?

He doesn't move. Warden goes on working.

9. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - THE TRAIN - thundering through the darkness at high speed. In the distance, its headlight now begins to pick up the outlines of the tunnel.

10. FULL SHOT - EXT. TUNNEL - as the train nears it, the groping finger of its headlight bringing the entrance into relief.

11. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK - where Shears continues to watch Warden. Warden's pliers slip from his fingers. He grabs for them desperately, but they glance off the sleeper and ricochet into darkness. For an instant, Warden is at a loss. Then he sees Shears' extended hand, another pair of pliers in his fingers. Warden looks at him, takes the pliers carefully, then goes back to work. There is an ear-shattering shriek of the train whistle.

12. EXT. TRACK - shooting from the speeding locomotive as the headlight glares along the rails toward the tunnel, the whistle continuing OVER the shot.

13. FULL SHOT - THE TUNNEL - as the train reaches it.

14-16. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK. In the b.g. where the tunnel curves, the first tentative flare of the headlight can be seen, and the track is vibrating under the train's assault. Warden finishes, checks the wires as Shears sweats it out beside him. Then, telepathically, they spring to their feet simultaneously and run for it. Now the train is in the tunnel and the narrow passage is filled with its clamor. Shears and Warden sprint madly along the track, away from the oncoming train. The train rounds the curve. The juggernaut bellows through the tunnel, its headlight seeming to search for the running men. Then, just as they are about to be transfixed in the glare, they reach the end, and leap down the steep incline.

17. FULL SHOT - INT. TUNNEL. The train has reached the charge. There is a blinding flash of light and a tremendous explosion.

18. EXT. TUNNEL. A tongue of flame licks out of the tunnel mouth.

19. EXT. HILLSIDE - where Shears and Warden, clearly outlined in the glare of the explosion, are buried in the brush. The explosion flash dies.

20. MED. LONG SHOT - INT. TUNNEL - as the locomotive boiler explodes. There are dazed shouts, screams.

21. EXT. HILLSIDE. Shears and Warden lift their heads, look up cautiously and see what they have wrought. They look at each other relieved, satisfied, a little complacent, and start to crawl away. Behind them, fire and smoke are billowing out of the tunnel mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT. A very narrow road, hemmed in by the jungle. In the distant b.g. the holocaust in the tunnel glows in the side of the mountain. Shears and Warden are hurrying along the road, their tommy guns ready for use if needed, but relaxed and content with the consciousness of a job well done. Warden is picking at the dirt and mud in his hair and beard. Shears is tossing a grenade in his free hand. Suddenly, warned by the same instinct, they stop, straining their eyes and ears into the darkness ahead. In the silence, they now hear the distant sound of approaching vehicles.

23. EXT. ROAD - from their point of view. As the faint sound grows louder, there is the distant flash of car headlights, beyond a bend in the road.

24. EXT. ROAD. Shears and Warden turn and dive into the brush.

25. EXT. ROAD - close on a convoy of six Japanese military trucks. As the leading truck rumbles past the CAMERA, we see that both the cab and the canvas-covered body of the truck are filled with soldiers. A second truck goes by, followed by the third and fourth. CAMERA PANS with them as they climb a rise in the road.

26. EXT. BRUSH - where Shears and Warden are on their bellies. Past them, the lights of the truck can be seen approaching. They get their tommy guns ready.

27. FULL SHOT - EXT. ROAD. The full convoy can be seen, speeding toward the distant glow of the burning tunnel.

28. EXT. BRUSH. Shears and Warden stay low. The sound and lights of the convoy come closer. The leading truck comes into view, followed by the lights of the others.

29. EXT. ROAD. The first truck bears down toward their hiding place, followed by the others.

30. EXT. BRUSH. The lights of the leading truck glare into the brush. Shears and Warden burrow into the ground. The truck rumbles past. They look up, and then at each other, impressed by the number of troops. The second truck passes, lighting the shot and then leaving it in darkness.

31. EXT. ROAD - as the full convoy speeds up the road.

32. EXT. BRUSH. Shears is thoughtful. As the third truck goes by, he fishes in his pocket and brings up the grenade. Warden sees what he is doing, and reaches out a restraining hand. Smiling, he shakes his head. The fourth truck speeds by. Shears rolls closer to Warden.

SHEARS
(in Warden's ear)
It's our last one ...

Warden hesitates, weighing the odds.

SHEARS
What do you want to do, frame it?

Warden considers the question, then shrugs in acquiescence. He lets Shears go. The fifth truck rumbles by. The last truck approaches. Shears pulls the pin and lobs the grenade into the air.

33. EXT. ROAD - as the grenade describes a graceful parabola and lands on the canvas top of the retreating truck.

34. INT. BRUSH - as Shears and Warden jump up and dash into the jungle. Shears trips and falls flat. Warden stops, turns back, grabs him by the back of his belt, and, in almost the same motion, hauls him to his feet and drags him into the tall brush. They disappear from view. An instant later, there is the o.s. blast of the grenade, and the flash of the explosion lights up the jungle foliage. We see only the swaying and movement of the vegetation where Shears and Warden have disappeared.

DISSOLVE TO:

35. FULL SHOT - EXT. DAY - NIGHT. An out of the way, remote inlet. A hundred yards off shore, a red light blinks steadily.

36. CLOSER SHOT. In the darkness it is now possible to make out the wet hull of a small British submarine, the Crewmen staring out into the darkness, the Man at the red blinker. Out in the water, there are two phosphorescent streaks where Men are swimming.

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37. EXT. SURFACE OF WATER - where Shears and Warden, still wearing light packs, are swimming toward the submarine.

38. EXT. SUBMARINE - as Shears and Warden swim to it, and Sailors begin to pull them up over its slippery hull.

DISSOLVE TO:

39-41. INT. SUBMARINE WARDROOM - NIGHT - as the Skipper, very young despite his magnificent beard, and wearing only a sarong and his uniform cap, comes through the passage-way into the wardroom.

SKIPPER
(over his shoulder)
This way --

He is followed by Shears and Warden, clothing dripping under the blankets which have been thrown over them, tired, happy, lightheaded, and almost giddy with release from tension. Six or seven Officers come in behind them, their entrance filling the tiny wardroom. Like the Skipper, they are all young, all bearded, all in sarongs, and they look at Shears and Warden with frank curiosity.

SKIPPER
This is where you'll bunk. We've got some cots for you. Hope you won't feel too crowded ....

SHEARS
(surveying the assorted beards)
No, its cozy. Don't change a thing. I've only got one question. We lost our razors - what's your excuse?

The boys laugh, delighted.

WARDEN
Yes, I should think if you chaps shaved now and then, there'd be more room in these submarines.

He gets another laugh.

SHEARS
I like the uniforms, too. Who's your tailor?

The boys love it.

42. INT. PASSAGEWAY. In the passageway, obscured and blocked by the bearded youths, there is a young American Officer, JOYCE. He is the only man in the room who is clean-shaven and he carries a despatch case. He wants to get to Shears and Warden, but at the moment, self-conscious and ill at ease, he does not quite know how to cope with the situation.

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42. Ctd.

WARDEN'S VOICE
I suppose we should introduce ourselves?

43-46. INT. WARDROOM - THE GROUP.

SHEARS
What, real names and all?

SKIPPER
No need, sir. We know all about you. You're Captain Shears, of something you Americans call O.S.S., whatever that means. And this gentlemen is Captain Warden. He's with one of our somethings called Force 136, whatever that means. It's all very hush hush and glamorous, and we're very much impressed...

Shears and Warden look at each other.

SKIPPER
(grinning)
No, we're not clairvoyant.
(to Shears)
We've got one of your people aboard, sir.

SHEARS
Another American? At last, some body who can talk English. Where is he?

SKIPPER
Right here, sir. Or was.
(he looks around)
Where is he? Where's Joyce?

JOYCE'S VOICE
Here -

He edges through the obscuring screen of sarongs now, comes into view, and gives Shears a competent if self-conscious salute.

JOYCE
Lieutenant Joyce, sir.

SHEARS
Hi.
(he turns to Warden)
You see how a first class army operates? We get an escort home.

WARDEN
Yes, but then you have so much man-power.

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43-46. Ctd.

SHEARS
That's not all we've got. We've got scope. We've got zest. We think big. You people have been living in that rain so long, you're happy if you're just dry.

He gets his laugh from the boys.

SHEARS
Don't laugh. Little submarines like this one, we use only once and then we throw 'em away.

Joyce, feeling forgotten, joins in the general laughter.

WARDEN
Yes. But speaking of being dry ...

SKIPPER
Oh, terribly sorry, sir. If you'll just follow me --

He starts to lead the way, and they follow him.

SHEARS
(as they go)
See you later, Joyce.
(he stops)
You haven't got any cigars in that brief-case, have you?

JOYCE
No, sir. Orders ...

SHEARS
Well, it was only a dream.

He and Warden follow the Skipper out. Grinning to each other, the Officers drift out the way they have come. Joyce, alone, looks after Shears and Warden rather wistfully. Then, remembering his despatch case, he puts it down on the ward-room table, and waits. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON IT.

DISSOLVE TO:

47-51. INT. WARDROOM - MOVING SUBMARINE - CLOSE - on the wardroom table, where Joyce's despatch case has been joined by some whiskey glasses, and a hand is filling them. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Shears and Warden, sitting at the table, naked under the blankets they are wrapped in. The Skipper is pouring, and Joyce is standing by.

SKIPPER
Sorry I can't join you, but I do have to keep this ferry boat going. Just shout if you want anything.

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47-51. He starts out.
Ctd.

SHEARS
Sure. And if you want any help, don't be bashful.

The Skipper grins and goes out. Shears and Warden reach for their drinks. Shears remembers Joyce.

SHEARS
Sit down, kid; pour yourself a drink.

JOYCE
Thanks.

He moves to them.

WARDEN
(making room for him)
You say you have orders, Joyce. Do they include me?

JOYCE
Yes, sir. It's another joint operation, under your command again. I've been assigned to go along.

WARDEN
Oh, good. Welcome aboard.

SHEARS
Sure. We'll show you a good time. Ever been out before?

He starts to drink.

JOYCE
No, sir, but I'll do my best. I wouldn't want to spoil your last job.

Shears chokes on his drink. Warden is surprised.

SHEARS
My last what?

He stares at Joyce, who is startled.

SHEARS
Let me see those orders.

Joyce gets the despatch case. In his nervousness, he drops it, catches it, almost drops it again. Embarrassed, he fumbles as he removes the sheaf of papers within it. It slips from his fingers and the papers scatter. Horribly embarrassed, he gets to his knees and gathers them up. Shears and Warden look at each other. Warden bends to help. Joyce collects his papers, finds the ones he needs and gives them to Shears. Shears begins to read. Warden gives Joyce an encouraging smile. Shears, angry, looks up at Joyce.

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47-51. Ctd.

SHEARS
Do you know what's in here?

JOYCE
Yes, sir.

SHEARS
How'd you work it?

JOYCE
(at a loss)
I didn't work anything. I just volunteered.

SHEARS
Who do you know? You got relatives in the front office?

JOYCE
(helplessly)
No, sir. I just volunteered.

SHEARS
You just volunteered .... I'd like to talk to the Captain. Will you excuse us a minute?

JOYCE
Yes, sir.

He takes his despatch case and goes out. Shears turns to Warden.

SHEARS
It's like he said --- it's my last job. I break the kid in, and that's that. You know why? Somebody figured it out I'm too old and feeble for this kind of work. Guess what - I have reached the age of retirement ...

WARDEN
May I see?

Shears hands him the orders, then gets up, holding the blanket to him.

SHEARS
Well, that's fine. That's just fine.

He starts to pace.

52. INT. PASSAGEWAY. Joyce is standing in the narrow passageway, facing the fact that somehow things have gone wrong at the very beginning. Feeling lost and alone, he turns and starts aimlessly toward the control room.

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53-55. INT. WARDROOM. Shears is pacing. Warden finishes and looks up at him sympathetically.

SHEARS
How do you like that? A kid comes in and tells you you're too old.

WARDEN
(reasonably)
The boy didn't say that.

SHEARS
I know he didn't say it. It's a bunch of geniuses in an office somewhere. So what should I do - kiss him?

WARDEN
Have a drink.

SHEARS
No.

WARDEN
(pouring one anyway)
You know, Sam, it's a long time since Pearl Harbour. It's a different war now. You saw those officers a little while ago. They're children, really. Some of my students weren't any younger.

SHEARS
(taking the drink)
What are you, a spring chicken? Don't be such a wise-guy. They'll catch up with you one of these days.
(he drinks)
A different war, huh? I'm too old and this kid is going to take my place? I'll tell you something. He'll never make it. This is a mark - a born mark. I could tell the first time I looked at him.

WARDEN
Mark, I take it, being a synonym for sucker, as in easy mark?

SHEARS
That's right. A mark walks on the fair-grounds with his hand in his money pocket so you shouldn't lose any time. This kid's a mark. He's the worst kind of mark - a double-breasted mark. He'll never make it ....

A klaxon horn blasts through the shot. They react to it, startled.

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56-59. INT. SUBMARINE - SERIES OF SHOTS - of Crewmen in various stages of dress running and scrambling to their posts. The Klaxon continues OVER.

60. INT. CONTROL ROOM. Joyce is finding himself underfoot.

61. INT. WARDROOM. Shears and Warden, clutching their blankets, are over-run by sailors scrambling through the wardroom. Then they are alone. They look at each other soberly. The Skipper pokes his head into the Wardroom.

SKIPPER
It's quite alright. We've spotted some planes on radar, but there's nothing to worry about. They're miles away.

He disappears. Warden and Shears are thrown off balance by the downward motion of the submarine. The bottle and glasses start to slide off the table. They grab for them.

62-64. UNDERWATER SHOTS - as the sub. dives.

65. INT. CONTROL ROOM - where Joyce is still adrift in the tiny and crowded room among the nonchalant boys at work. He manages to elude two Sailors in whose path he finds himself, but a young Ensign trips over him.

ENSIGN
(cheerfully)
Oh, sorry ...

JOYCE
Sorry.

He edges his way out.

66-69. INT. WARDROOM - as Joyce comes in. Shears and Warden are seated at the table, where Warden is pouring a drink.

Shears, who has recovered his natural buoyancy, has opened his pack, and has taken out a lump of crude rubber, wrapped in transparent water-proof, and his large, wicked-looking combat knife.

JOYCE
Excuse me ...I seem to be in the way out there.

WARDEN
(pleasantly)
Oh, I am sorry. Do come in.

CONTINUED

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66-69.
Ctd.

SHEARS
(amiably)
Sure, join the party.

Joyce looks at him in surprise, and comes forward to join them at the table. Shears is unwrapping his lump of rubber.

SHEARS
Sorry I laced into you. Hope I didn't hurt your feelings.

JOYCE
Oh no, sir.

SHEARS
Just put it down to old age. You know how it is. They get crochety.

JOYCE
(he smiles warily)
Yes, sir.

SHEARS
And stop calling me sir. I'm sensitive.

JOYCE
Yes, Captain.

SHEARS
It you don't quit being respectful, I'm going to cut your throat, junior. Sit down.

Joyce sits down. Shears starts cutting a piece off the rubber. Looking up, he sees Joyce watching him.

SHEARS
Rubber. No flavor, but it gives the illusion.

He has cut off a small piece, and now he starts chewing it.

SHEARS
Illusion is everything in life ...

Warden is sipping his drink contentedly. Shears starts to put his knife away, looks at Joyce.

SHEARS
Ever use one of these, Joyce?

JOYCE
(understanding the gambit)
We've had them in training. On dummies

SHEARS
Sure, they're swell on dummies. Ever use one on a man?

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66-69. Warden is watching them.
Ctd.

WARDEN
I think it's been established that Joyce has been denied certain opportunities.

Joyce is grateful, Shears a little irritated by his intervention.

SHEARS
Alright, Freddie, he can talk for himself. I'm just trying to find out how the geniuses operate.
(he turns to Joyce)
Suppose you had the opportunity - in cold blood, as the saying goes. Could you use it?

JOYCE
(honestly)
I've thought about it a lot. I've asked myself the same question.

SHEARS
And what was the answer?

JOYCE
(after a pause)
I think I could ...

They are both looking at him, and he meets their gaze steadily. He smiles ruefully.

JOYCE
Maybe I'll get the chance to find out.

Warden smiles back, liking him. Shears is touched and ashamed. He starts to get himself off the hook, and is cut off by the blast of an o.s. depth bomb, which, although distant, sounds uncomfortably close. Helplessly, they flinch under the assault of sound. Their eyes meet. There is another o.s. explosion. The bottle and glasses rattle on the table.

70. UNDERWATER SHOT - as two more depth bombs explode some distance from the submarine.

71-75. INT. WARDROOM - as they react to the last blast, much too close for comfort.

WARDEN
(impressed)
Well, well ...

SHEARS
Miles away ...

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71-75.
Ctd.

WARDEN
Um ... Well, Joyce, to pass the time, suppose you tell us what the job is.

JOYCE
(gratefully)
Yes, sir.
(he opens his despatch case)
I've got all the data here ---

SPEARS
Never mind that. We'll be on this tub seventeen days. Just give us a once-over.

JOYCE
Right. But you'll probably want to look at the maps.

He starts to remove them. To his horror, he fumbles again. Everything in his case cascades out and to the floor. Shears and Warden look at each other. Joyce wishes he were dead. He gets down on his knees again. Managing to keep from smiling, Warden helps him. Shears watches them thoughtfully. Joyce finally gets collected, finds his map, spreads it on the table. The others move closer. Joyce pulls himself together.

JOYCE
It's a railroad the Japs are building through Burma and Siam ...

INSERT: JOYCE'S MAP, as he illustrates with his forefinger.

JOYCE
(over)
The idea is to link up Singapore, Bangkok and Rangoon, so they can move troops and supplies through the jungle all the way to the Bay of Bengal, here, and then invade India ...

BACK TO SCENE:

JOYCE
They say they're going to do it this year. In October. They're using prisoners of war to build the road, mostly British. From what we hear, conditions are terrible, and the prisoners are dying like flies. They say there's more burying grounds than stations along the line. But the information is that the road'll be finished on time....

Again, there is an o.s. explosion of a depth bomb, considerably closer than before. The lights flicker. The bottle and glasses jump. There is another explosion, equally as close. They sit motionless, sweating it out. The Skipper pokes his head in.

CONTINUED

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71-75.
Ctd.

SKIPPER
(cheerfully)
Nothing to worry about ...

WARDEN
Yes, we know. Miles away.

SKIPPER
(grinning)
Right sir.

He disappears.

WARDEN
(after a pause)
Carry on.

JOYCE
Well, sir, aerial bombing isn't practical because for one thing it's too far, and for another the Japs are putting up wooden bridges that can't be completely wrecked from the air, and anyway they're too easily fixed. So we're going into Siam, and our assignment is to cause the Japs as much trouble as we can.

WARDEN
We can but try.

JOYCE
We're part of a big operation, so for security reasons, the orders are we're not to let ourselves be captured alive.

SHEARS
What gives the geniuses the impression we want to get captured? Dead or alive?

WARDEN
(smiling)
Shears is now conducting a private war. Go on, Joyce.

SHEARS
Wait a minute. How do we get in?

JOYCE
Parachute.

WARDEN
Oh? Will there be time for some practice jumps?

JOYCE
I don't know, sir.
(a little embarrassed)
I've had the course.

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71-75
Ctd.

WARDEN
You see, Sam? We're out of date. We'll have to ask Joyce to give us some pointers.

SHEARS
I don't need any pointers. I ran the parachute drop at the San Diego world fair.

WARDEN
Then you've done some jumps?

SHEARS
You think I'm crazy? That's for the marks. I just ran it.

WARDEN
Naturally. Carry on, Joyce.

JOYCE
Yes, sir. Our particular job is the key bridge ---
(he reaches for another map)
on the Kwai River. Right here ...

INSERT: JOYCE'S MAP, as his finger indicates a circled position on the map.

OVER THIS, there is a louder, closer explosion than before. The sub is rocked. The table shakes. The lights go out, leaving the shot bathed in the red glow of the safety light.

CUT TO:

76. CLOSE UP - PILEDRIVER - DAY - as it descends and hits a pile with a deafening crash. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We are near one bank of the River Kwai, from which four piles in two parellel rows have already been sunk into the river bed. Now we see the pile-driving team at work. The pile-driver itself is a heavy iron weight operated from a scaffold by a rope and pulleys. A dozen or so Prisoners wearing only loin cloths or ragged shorts, haul the pile-driver as high as they can, then drop it so that it falls squarely on top of the pile below. Another team of Prisoners, on another scaffold and waist deep in the water, hold the pile steady, taking the brunt of the noise, shock and vibration with their bodies. Two bored Japanese Guards look on. The method is primitive, the work backbreaking, the Prisoners haggard and exhausted.

77. EXT. RIVER BANK. Another team of Prisoners is laying track, under the eyes of two Japanese Guards. The sound of the pile-driver comes over.

78. EXT. HILLSIDE. We see Prisoners chopping and sawing trees, other Prisoners carrying the logs away.

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79. FULL SHOT - EXT. RIVER. It is about sixty yards wide at this point, between two high steep banks. Now we see the full picture of the operation: the men driving piles for the bridge, the tree-felling teams swarming on the hillside, the track-laying teams on both sides of the river.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY. It is a muddy area containing a half-dozen corrugated iron huts, and ringed with a high fence of rusty steel wire. Behind the prison yard lies the jungle, and from it, through the gates, a narrow road leads past atap barracks in the distance.

Five or six Japanese Guards are on duty, and OVER the shot there is the sound of Prisoners at work in the distance. A British Medical Major - CLIPTON - and a Japanese Lieutenant - KANEMATSU - are entering the compound. They go towards the smallest of the huts. Kanematsu is young, slender, nice-looking. He speaks English well, and is obviously a decent type. He looks sideways at Clipton tentatively. Clipton is tight-lipped, remote.

KANEMATSU
My transfer has come through. I shall be leaving in a few days.

CLIPTON
Congratulations.

Kanematsu looks at him.

KANEMATSU
Please ... Don't judge all of us by Colonel Saito.

CLIPTON
(unrelenting)
It's a little difficult, isn't it?

KANEMATSU
If not for the war, he'd have been thrown out years ago. Surely, you know how we ourselves feel about him?

CLIPTON
(deliberately)
Yes, I know. You're all afraid of him. Why don't you get rid of him?

KANEMATSU
How?

CLIPTON
Shoot him.

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80. Ctd. Kanematsu stares, then smiles. They have reached the smallest of the huts, where a Guard is on duty. Kanematsu tries again to get through to Clipton.

KANEMATSU
Major ... It's hard to find the words. It's the war ... things happen that never should, or would if ---
(he sees that Clipton is unyielding)
Your own Colonel Nicholson is a very stubborn man. He doesn't make things easier.

CLIPTON
I'd rather not discuss it. Can we let him out now? He's been in there long enough ...

Kanemotsu gives up. He speaks in Japanese to the Guard, looks at Clipton, then goes towards the other huts. The Guard unlocks the door and kicks it open.

81. INT. PRISON HUT. In the jagged shaft of sunlight that splits the darkness of the hut, we see a man sitting on the mud floor, his hands coming up swiftly, to cover his eyes. It is COLONEL NICHOLSON. Tight-lipped with anger, Clipton goes into the hut, stooping under the low ceiling which makes it impossible to stand or walk erect, and goes to Nicholson.

CLIPTON
Hello, sir. It's Clipton. It's all right, sir. He's letting you all go. Let me help you up.

He helps Nicholson to his feet, the Colonel still keeping his hands over his blinded eyes. Then, both bent under the low ceiling, Clipton helps the Colonel out, past the unmoved Guard.

82-84. EXT. PRISON YARD. As Clipton and the Colonel come out, a dozen other British Officers emerge from two nearby huts, among them MAJOR HUGHES and CAPTAIN REEVES.

Seen closer, the Officers, blinking and stretching in the sunlight, are filthy bedraggled, bearded and unkempt. But they are in good spirits, and there is laughter among them as they come out into the yard.

The Colonel seems to have suffered more in his solitary confinement. His face is bruised, and he is not yet steady on his feet. Now, still supported by Clipton, he hears the Officers.

NICHOLSON
Clipton - have them fall in.

CONTINUED

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82-84. Ctd. Clipton looks at him, half in amused understanding, half exasperated, then turns and calls out the order.

CLIPTON
Fall in!....

Obediently the Officers form in twos behind them. Clipton waits for a nod from the Colonel, then:

CLIPTON
Forward --

Still helped by Clipton and covering his eyes, the Colonel steps off. The Officers follow. The little group moves toward the gate. The Guards look on impassively. Kanematsu, watches, uncomfortable.

85. EXT. ROAD - as the marching men come out of the prison yard and up the road. The Colonel, spreading his fingers, is trying to accustom his eyes to the light. He is beginning to walk more easily now. Behind him, the little group moves with growing precision up the road.

86-88. EXT. COMPOUND - shooting toward COL. SAITO's quarters. It is an unpretentious but well-built bamboo structure, raised from the ground and reached by a flight of steps. Two Sentries are on duty on either side of the doorway.

A few Japanese Soldiers, moving listlessly under the glaring sun, pause to look on idly as the little group of marching men come into the scene.

The Colonel is making increasing efforts to see, grimly moving from one ridge of pain to another. He drops his hands now, and forces himself to squint against the light.

89. MED. LONG SHOT - SAITO'S HOUSE - from the point of view of the Colonel and as seen through his tear-filled eyes, distorted, but coming closer.

90. EXT. SAITO'S HOUSE - VERANDA. The Sentries stand their posts stolidly. Now, Col. SAITO, a tall man for a Japanese, with a puffy, drink-swollen face, comes through the doorway and looks out across the compound. He is smoking a native cigar. Although his manner is ostentatiously casual, he has, in fact, come out to look at the prisoners.

91. EXT. COMPOUND - on Colonel Nicholson and the marching Officers behind him, as they gradually approach Saito's house. The Colonel, despite the pain, has fought his way to almost full vision. Oriented now, he wipes his streaming eyes quickly, then shrugs off Clipton's arm. He is determined not to allow Saito to see him except in full control of himself and his men.

CONTINUED

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91. Ctd. NICHOLSON
Thank you ...

Clipton lets go of him. Looking ahead, in the direction of Saito's house, he understands. With effort, the Colonel steps out smartly. Behind him, the Officers, seeing his change of pace, curb their muttered small talk and follow suit. As the group nears Saito's house, they are all marching smartly in perfect rhythm.

92. EXT. SAITO'S HOUSE - VERANDAH. Flanked by the two sentries, Saito puffs moodily on his cigar, face expressionless as he watches the approaching British.

93. EXT. COMPOUND - near Saito's house, as the Colonel and the others reach and pass it. They are far enough from the house so that the Colonel, looking into the distance can pretend that he has not seen Saito, and can therefore avoid saluting him. Eyes front, the group marches smartly by.

94. EXT. SAITO'S HOUSE - VERANDAH. Saito watches them go, looking after them without change of expression. Then, without turning his head, he peers at the faces of the Sentries. Their faces are blank. Saito waits a little longer, then turns and goes inside.

95. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - as he comes in. It is a large room containing a desk, a table for eating, bookshelves with books and some pleasant Japanese prints on the walls. A Chinese screen separates the office from his sleeping quarters. Somewhat incongruous among the delicate prints, there is on the wall behind his desk a large American pin-up calendar advertising a garage somewhere in the middle west, and featuring an outstandingly well-built ~~young~~ woman on a bearskin rug, wearing little more than ~~a jolly~~ smile. The leaves for 1942 have been torn off, but there is a printed calendar for 1943 alongside the picture of the girl. All the dates up to July 23 have been crossed off, and there is a circle in coloured pencil around October 18.

Still thoughtful, Saito goes to the table to pour himself a drink from the whiskey bottle there. A large, brilliantly-coloured butterfly is poised on the bottle. He waves it away, takes the bottle, pours himself a drink. The butterfly comes back to the bottle. Saito waves it away again, but it remains there. He waves again. It remains still. With sudden fury, he grabs up a nearby fly-swatter and hits it, knocking over the bottle. He brings the fly-swatter down again and again and again. His blind anger ebbs almost as suddenly as it began. He drops the flyswatter, picks up the bottle, gets his glass and goes toward his desk. He looks at the pin-up calendar on the wall behind him. The girl on the bearskin rug smiles at him but he looks at the date without enjoyment, and then finishes his drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

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96-98. INT. OFFICER'S HUT - DAY. An atap hut shared by the Colonel, Clipton, Hughes and Reeves, the senior officers of the prisoner battalion. The Colonel is shaving, working carefully over the still-tender bruises on his jaw. Clipton is hovering behind him with a stethescope. Reeves is lying on one of the bamboo platforms that serve as bunks, a thermometer between his lips. Hughes, whose beard has gone beyond the others, is washing out of a rusty tin. Clipton gently puts his stethescope to the Colonel's back.

CONTINUED

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96-98.
Ctd.

NICHOLSON
(startled)
Clipton, for heaven's sake -- !

CLIPTON
Sorry, sir.

Giving up, he starts to put his stethescope away. The Colonel continues shaving. Hughes begins to dry himself, Clipton looks at the Colonel speculatively.

CLIPTON
(carefully)
Colonel, don't you think it might be advisable to reconsider your position?

NICHOLSON
(cheerfully)
Reconsider? Absolutely not.

Finished shaving, he starts to wash. Both Hughes and Reeves are listening now.

CLIPTON
But he expects you to give in, sir. That's why he let you out. He told me so. He expects all the officers to start work on the bridge tomorrow.

NICHOLSON
Then I'm afraid he's in for a disappointment.

He starts to dry himself. Clipton, worried, looks at the others, and keeps trying. He starts to wash the razor the Colonel has used.

CLIPTON
But he'll only send you all back to detention. And it isn't as if the officers aren't working on the railroad all along the line, anyway, sir.

NICHOLSON
(firmly)
Not my officers.

Obviously, the discussion is closed. Clipton looks at Hughes and Reeves, and gives up. Hughes shrugs and continues drying himself. Reeves, who has raised himself on one elbow, lies down again resignedly, the thermometer still in his mouth.

Cheerfully, the Colonel starts to put on a clean shirt. Clipton, frustrated, starts to hone the razorblade against his palm. He sees Hughes looking at him pleadingly, his fingers playing significantly in his beard.

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96-98.
Ctd.

CLIPTON
(sympathetic but firm)
Sorry, old man. It's the only surgical tool I've got left, and if you all use it, I'll be in the soup.

HUGHES
(philosophically)
Oh, well, I shall have to raise a proper beard then.

Reeves is making grunting noises concerned with the thermometer in his lips. Remembering him, Clipton goes to him, takes it out, reads it.

REEVES
(hopefully)
Well - ?

CLIPTON
(sourly)
You're in very good health.

REEVES
(disappointed)
Thanks.

He lies down again. Clipton goes to put his thermometer away, looks at the Colonel, who is dressing. Hughes has started to roll a cigarette, not very well.

CLIPTON
(warily)
Sir, some of the junior officers are talking escape again.

NICHOLSON
I hope you haven't encouraged it.

CLIPTON
Well, sir, you can understand how they feel.

NICHOLSON
Of course, I understand how they feel. But escape where? Into the jungle without food or equipment? It would be suicide, and you know it.

CLIPTON
Yes, sir.

He hones the razor blade, dispirited. The Colonel combs his hair. He smiles at his reflection with a sudden thought.

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96-98.
Ctd.

NICHOLSON
You know, there's a rather interesting legal point involved in this whole question of escape.

CLIPTON
A legal point.

NICHOLSON
Yes. You see, ordinarily, a captured prisoner of war is almost obligated to attempt escape. But in our situation, as we were ordered - and ordered is the operative word - to lay down our arms, escape may well be an infraction of military law. Interesting?

CLIPTON
(sourly)
Very. And it's out duty to uphold the law, sir, at all costs?

NICHOLSON
(seriously)
Without law there's no civilisation, my boy.

CLIPTON
There's damned little civilisation out here.

NICHOLSON
Then it's our duty to bring it here and to maintain it here.

CLIPTON
(sardonically)
According to the rules of the Geneva Convention?

NICHOLSON
Exactly.

He turns, gets his cap, his swagger stick, and a small book from his bunk, and starts out.

NICHOLSON
Cheerio ....

Clipton goes after him.

CLIPTON
Colonel --

NICHOLSON
(pausing)
Yes?

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96-98.
Ctd.

CLIPTON
The point is, sir, the bridge is so far behind schedule now he's becoming frantic.

NICHOLSON
(matter-of-factly)
Yes, I know.

CLIPTON
But it's only making him more dangerous. In my opinion, he's medically insane anyway, and I'm sure he's on the verge of a crack-up. He was drunk again last night. He went roaring round the camp shooting his revolver at the moon. It's a miracle no one was hurt.

NICHOLSON
(frowning)
Ridiculous fellow ...

Shaking his head, he goes out. Clipton looks after him, worried. He turns to the others.

CLIPTON
Well, see you chaps again - one of these days ...

REEVES
(sitting up)
I simply can't stand the smell in those huts. I think I'd rather work on the bridge.

Clipton goes to the end of the hut and looks after the Colonel. Beyond him, the Colonel can be seen striding briskly through the sun-baked compound. Hughes goes to the cracked mirror.

HUGHES
Do you suppose hair grows faster indoors? Like hot-house vegetables?

REEVES
(bitterly)
It'll never amount to anything anyway.

HUGHES
I beg your pardon?

REEVES
These people don't know the first thing about bridges. I swear they haven't a clue.

HUGHES
Oh.
(he looks in the mirror again and is struck with a sudden thought)
I say, has anyone ever done a survey on

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96-98. Ctd.

HUGHES (contd)
the number of man-hours it takes to grow a full beard?

No one answers him. Reeves has closed his eyes unhappily. Clipton is still looking worriedly out into the compound.

CLIPTON
He's not really a well man, you know. He's not nearly as strong as he thinks he is ...

99-101. EXT. COMPOUND - shooting towards Saito's house. Except for the Colonel and the two sentries on the Veranda, it is deserted under the savage sun. The Colonel goes steadily toward the house, moving with an easy, unhurried stride as if he were on his way to his own office. The Sentries see the Colonel approaching. One of them turns and goes inside. The Colonel continues towards the house. He reaches it, mounts the steps. As he reaches the porch, the Sentry comes out. Rifle at ready, he blocks the doorway. The Colonel stops.

SENTRY
Kiri! Kiri! (salute)

Keeping his temper, the Colonel salutes him. The Sentry grins, and stands aside. The Colonel goes inside.

102-104. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - DAY. Saito is sitting behind his desk, apparently immersed in the papers before him. Beside him a scrawny little Lieutenant of engineers with glasses, MUIRA, is standing at attention.

Coming in, the Colonel knows at once that these poses are for his benefit. He continues to Saito's desk, salutes smartly and waits. Head down over his papers, Saito ignores him. The Colonel waits patiently. Suddenly the silence is broken by Miura's stomach, rumbling. Miura is terribly embarrassed, Saito is furious. Controlling his anger, he straightens now and looks up at Colonel Nicholson inquiringly. Nevertheless, he has lost the initiative, and he knows it.

NICHOLSON
Good afternoon, Colonel Saito.

Saito turns and looks questioningly at Miura. Miura starts to speak, but the Colonel cuts him off.

NICHOLSON
Colonel, I'm quite convinced that you do speak English, and I see no point in conducting this interview through an interpreter. However, I'm perfectly happy to have Lieutenant Miura present as a witness.

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102-104. Ctd. Saito's face darkens, but he maintains the pose, and turns to Miura for clarification. Miura's mouth opens, but the Colonel is too quick for him. He turns and starts to pace before Saito's desk.

NICHOLSON
Now, then. Colonel, visits of this nature are even more painful to me than they are to you sir. Nevertheless, it's my duty to present complaints when I think they're justified, and yours to correct them if you agree.

Saito and Miura are staring at him, Saito in disbelief and Miura in something like horror. Concerned with his own agenda, the Colonel continues to pace, pausing only for a dubious look at the pin-up calendar.

NICHOLSON
Frankly, I'm not at all sure you realise just how difficult a position you're in, sir. Obviously, I intend to make a full report to the proper authorities when hostilities have ended ...

Saito, looking at him as if convinced he has gone mad, settles back in his chair and watches him somberly, absent-mindedly picking his nose. The Colonel turns now and directly addresses Miura, who becomes very uncomfortable.

NICHOLSON
For the record, and in the presence of this witness, I tell you once more that the conditions prevailing in this camp, in terms of food, shelter and elementary hygiene are, in a word, unpardonable.

Miura waits for Saito to explode. Saito remains calm. The Colonel turns to him, and stops, a little shocked. Saito drops his hand from his nose.

NICHOLSON
I've been told that my men are so hungry they've been stealing food from each other. I hold you responsible for that, sir.

Unmoved, Saito reaches in a drawer for a cigar, continuing to watch the Colonel stolidly.

NICHOLSON
(pacing again)
Today I must speak to you again about the hospital. Major Clipton tells me he lacks the most rudimentary medication, supplies and equipment ...

CONTINUED

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102-104. Ctd. In his pacing, he now sees the whiskey bottle and some glasses on a tray.

NICHOLSON
(deliberately)
In point of fact, he hasn't even the crudest of antiseptics.

The allusion is not lost on either Saito or Miura. Ignoring Miura's agitation and the anger in Saito's eyes, the Colonel now opens his copy of the Geneva Convention.

NICHOLSON
In brief, as commanding officer of this camp, you are guilty of violations of -
(he reads from notes on fly-leaf)
Articles 2, 9, 10, 13, 14, and 15, and Sections 1, 2 and 3 of the Geneva Convention in respect to the treatment of prisoners of war.

He snaps the book shut, and faces Saito again, his tone and manner a little more intimate now.

NICHOLSON
Now, as a fellow senior officer, Colonel, I realise only too well that some matters may be beyond your control. However, some are definitely within your control.

He steps off again.

NICHOLSON
I have in mind the Red Cross packages. We know they've arrived, and you have no right to withhold them. They contain articles, such as razor blades, which I consider highly important to the morale of my troops. I want them smartly turned out, and shaved every day.

He pauses, looks at Saito and cannot keep a certain embarrassment from his tone.

NICHOLSON
I have in mind, also, a certain regrettable exhibition which is supposed to have taken place last night, and I trust it won't be repeated ...

Saito's control is beginning to ebb. The Colonel has struck home. Miura prepares himself for the outburst. But the Colonel goes on without pausing.

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102/104.
Ctd.

NICHOLSON
And lastly, sir, in the presence of this witness, I'm making an official protest against the penal punishment inflicted upon my officers and myself, in direct violation of Articles -
(he pauses to check his notes)
Articles 46, 54, 56, 57 and 58. As to the pretext for that punishment, I remind you once more that Article 27, Chapter I, Section 3, states clearly and distinctly that officer prisoners shall not be required to perform manual labor ...
(he closes the book firmly)
Under no circumstances will I be a party to any violation of the laws of warfare. I have ordered my officers to refrain from any such work, and that order is final. Threats and further punishment will have no effect.
(he pauses for breath, and ends, on the whole, quite mildly)
That's all, Colonel ...
(to Miura)
Thank you.
(to Saito again)
Oh. Any questions?

Saito has not changed his posture, but his lips are tight and the cords and vessels in his neck have swelled alarmingly. Miura waits tensely for the long delayed explosion. The Colonel waits, expecting the worst, and prepared for it. There is a dead silence in the room. It is broken by Miura, who hiccups. Helplessly, both the Colonel and Saito look at him. Miura wishes he was dead. Saito snaps out something to him, hoarsely, in Japanese.

MIURA
(to Colonel Nicholson)
Colonel says you go now.

NICHOLSON
(politely)
Thank you. Good day, Colonel.

He salutes, does an about face, and strides out.

There is a silence in the room after he is gone. Saito and Miura hear his footsteps going down the steps and fading away. Miura is holding his breath to prevent another hiccup. Saito continues to slouch in his chair. The swelling in his neck has receded somewhat, but the look in his eyes remains one of undiminished rage. In the silence, Miura again hiccups, loudly. Saito turns on him, face contorted. In absolute terror, Miura salutes quickly and hurries out. Saito sits hunched in his chair for a moment, then swivels it around to the wall. He looks up at the calendar there, but the well-built young woman who smiles back at him from the bearskin rug has no charm for him at the moment. He turns away, gets up and starts to pace.

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DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT. OFFICERS' HUT - NIGHT. They are all asleep, CAMERA moves close on Colonel Nicholson. He is sleeping calmly and peacefully.

106. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - NIGHT. Saito is alone, silently and ragingly drunk. He finishes the glass before him, reaches for the bottle, sees it is empty. He is about to throw it through a window, when he thinks better of it and instead throws it into a corner. He rises and weaves to a locked cupboard, fumbles with his keys, opens it, and reveals a fine horde of assorted spirits. Selecting a bottle, he locks the cupboard carefully, and moves unsteadily back to the table. Opening the bottle, he pours, stops, pours again, filling the glass to its brim.

DISSOLVE TO:

107-109. EXT. PARADE GROUND - KWAI CAMP - DAWN. A British Bugler is blowing assembly. In response to the call, Prisoners in working kits begin to emerge from the barracks. They are unshaven, scruffy-looking, skinny. The morning air is cold, and they feel it. Officers emerge from their huts, in uniform. Colonel Nicholson, followed by Hughes and Reeves come out of their hut.

110. INT. HOSPITAL - Clipton, sleepy-eyed and with his look of chronic worry, is moving down the aisle between the two long platforms on which the hospital patients lie. He is accompanied by his Medical Orderly, WEAVER. Both platforms are crowded with men lying close to each other, some covered with thin blankets, others exposed to the chill air. All the men look incredibly thin. Some are fitfully asleep, others are awake but unwilling to stir. Outside the hospital, the men in the parade ground can be seen, and the VOICES of the non-commissioned officers can be heard, falling the men in. There is the SOUND of trucks approaching the hospital, and Clipton turns curiously to look out.

111. EXT. PARADE GROUND. Officers and Men are now at attention, curiously looking in the direction of the approaching trucks. From the Japanese compound, a score of Japanese soldiers with tommy guns are approaching at a trot, followed by two work trucks.

112. GROUP SHOT. Colonel Nicholson, standing before his Officers, watches, puzzled.

113-114. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The oncoming Japanese soldiers trot into the enclosure and come to a halt. They maintain their rifles at the ready. The two trucks come into the enclosure. The cab doors open, and several officers emerge from each.

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113-114 Ctd. We see four Soldiers standing in one truck, Saito, Miura, and two more soldiers in the other. The back of Saito's truck comes down. He is wearing highly polished riding boots, pale grey gloves, and a sword which is a little too large for him. He is drunk, but under control. In the body of the truck there is a table and a small wooden ladder. The Two Soldiers jump down, get the ladder and place it against the back of the truck.

115. GROUP SHOT. Nicholson and the others look on bewildered.

116. GROUP SHOT - We see some of the other ranks, puzzled.

117. MED. SHOT - As Saito comes down the ladder. He trips on the last step, but recovers his balance.

118. MED. CLOSE SHOT - Hughes and Reeves look at each other drily.

119. MED. SHOT. Miura hurries down the ladder. The Two Soldiers pick it up, carry it to a spot between the British Officers and the troops, hurry back to the truck, get the table, carry it to the ladder.

120. GROUP SHOT. A section of troops watch these preparations, fascinated.

PRISONER (LOOMIS)
(muttering to the man beside him)
What's he up to now?

SECOND PRISONER (GROGAN)
It's his birthday. He's going to give us a party.

121. MED. SHOT. Saito carefully climbs the ladder to the table, having only slight difficulty with his sword. Miura takes his place on the ground beside the table. Swaying only a little, Saito looks around.

122. MED. FULL SHOT. The Prisoners are waiting, intrigued.

123. GROUP SHOT. The Officers are waiting. Colonel Nicholson, sensing something wrong, is studying Saito.

124. MED. SHOT. The file of Japanese soldiers stand ready, grimly.

125. GROUP SHOT - Japanese Officers. Kanematsu looks unhappy.

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126. MED. SHOT. Saito readies himself, having a little difficulty in focusing his vision. Then, suddenly, he speaks very loudly in Japanese.

SAITO
(in Japanese)
I hate the British.

MIURA
(interpreting shrilly)
Colonel say, I hate the British.

127. GROUP SHOT. Colonel Nicholson and the Officers react.

128. CLOSE SHOT - Kanematsu. He is embarrassed.

129-131. SAITO AND MIURA. Saito's voice suddenly rises into a scream.

SAITO
(in Japanese)
You are here to do a job for the Japanese army. I tell you, once and for all, I will not have my orders questioned in any way...

MIURA
(interpreting)
Colonel say, you are here to do a job for the Japanese army. I tell you, once and for all, I will not have my orders questioned in any way ...

Saito loses his train of thought. He starts again.

SAITO
(in Japanese)
I hate the British.

MIURA
Colonel say, I hate the British.

132. CLOSE SHOT - Colonel Nicholson is staring toward the table in shocked disbelief.

133. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO. Again he takes off in Japanese.

134. INT. HOSPITAL - Clipton and those patients who are conscious are watching, as Saito's VOICE comes over.

135. EXT. PARADE GROUND - as Saito finishes.

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136. MED. CLOSE SHOT - MIURA.

MIURA
(interpreting)
Colonel say, if you do your work well, you will continue to be treated well. If not, you will be punished.

137. GROUP SHOT - a section of Prisoners, as they listen in sardonic admiration.

138. GROUP SHOT - some of the Officers, grimly amused. Saito's VOICE comes over the shot.

139. CLOSE SHOT - Colonel Nicholson, listening patiently, as Saito's voice continues over.

140. GROUP SHOT - JAPANESE OFFICERS. They are listening unhappily. Kanematsu is angry.

141. INT. HOSPITAL - where Clipton and the others listen. Now they hear:

MIURA'S VOICE
Colonel say, death of few British prisoners mean nothing to me. I hate the British ....

142. CLOSE SHOT - Colonel Nicholson as he hears this.

143. MED. SHOT. Saito suddenly becomes quite calm, easy, almost pleasant.

SAITO
(in Japanese)
Now, what is this work that you must do? Only to complete the bridge over the River Kwai. It is pleasant work, and important work, for the benefit of the people of Thailand, under the supervision of an expert Japanese Engineer, Lieutenant Miura ....

MIURA
Colonel say, now what is this work you must do? Only to complete bridge over River Kwai. It is pleasant work and important work, for benefit of people of Thailand, under supervision of first-class Japanese engineer, Lieutenant Miura, myself.

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144. MED. CLOSE SHOT - Hughes and Reeves look at each other. Saito's VOICE comes over, furious again.

145. MED. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO - on the platform, looking directly toward Colonel Nicholson, o.s., his voice rising to a yell, and shaking his finger at him.

SAITO
(in Japanese)
And the bridge must and will be finished by the 18th of October. Time is short. Everyone will work, officers as well as other ranks. I will tolerate no more disobedience. Refusal to work will be punished by death.

146. MED. CLOSE SHOT - Colonel Nicholson, sensing this is meant for him.

147. SAITO AND MIURA.

MIURA
Colonel say, and bridge must and will be finished by 18th October. Time is short. All men will work on bridge, officers as well as private soldiers. I will tolerate no more disobedience. Refusal to work will be punished by death ...

148. GROUP SHOT. Colonel Nicholson is looking toward Saito soberly. The Officers behind him listen grimly.

149. MED. SHOT. On the platform, Saito looks savagely at the Colonel, then around him, then barks out a short phrase in parting.

MIURA
Colonel say, be happy in your work.

Saito turns stiffly, and starts down the ladder.

150. TRUCK SHOT. Colonel Nicholson, face set, steps out to meet Saito as he reaches the ground.

NICHOLSON
Colonel Saito, that's the most extraordinary thing I've heard. We just can't have it, sir ...

Saito glares at him. The Colonel reaches into his pocket and brings out the Geneva Convention.

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150. Ctd.

NICHOLSON
(firmly)
I call your attention to Article 27 of the Geneva Convention ....
(he finds the place and reads)
Belligerents may employ as workmen prisoners of war who are physically fit, other than officers and persons of equivalent status ...

Saito has been staring at him with rage and disbelief.

NICHOLSON
I also call your attention --

Saito snatches the book from Nicholson's hands, and then hits him with it squarely in the face. The Colonel staggers, but maintains his footing.

151. PARADE GROUND. From the troops there is a muttered growl, and the beginning of a forward movement. The Officers break ranks. The armed Japanese Soldiers raise their tommy guns.

152. GROUP SHOT - Japanese Officers - favouring Kanematsu. They are startled, worried.

153. MED. CLOSE SHOT. The Colonel takes in the situation.

NICHOLSON
Stop! Stand where you are! Don't give them an excuse to shoot!

154 PARADE GROUND. The Prisoners come to a halt.

155. NICHOLSON and SAITO. The Colonel stoops and picks up the book. Blood is now dripping from the corner of his mouth. He faces Saito.

NICHOLSON
(steadily)
You must abide by the laws in force in the rest of the civilised world. My officers will not do manual labour.

Their eyes hold. Saito is now deadly calm. He turns and calls out, in English:

SAITO
Private soldiers to work! ....

He follows this up with an order in Japanese.

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156. PARADE GROUND. All but two of the Armed Guards and their officers move towards the Prisoners, yelling orders in Japanese. The Prisoners hold their ground, looking toward the Colonel.

NICHOLSON
(calling to them)
Go along, men! This is nothing to do with you. Go about your work!

They hesitate, then allow themselves to be moved off.

The column of Prisoners, herded by the Japanese Soldiers and Officers, begins to march from the Parade Ground.

157. GROUP SHOT. The British Officers look toward the Colonel and Saito uneasily.

158. TWO SHOT. The Colonel and Saito face each other in silence.

159. INT. HOSPITAL - on Clipton and the group behind him, as they watch tensely.

160. EXT. PARADE GROUD - as the other ranks disappear from view.

161. TWO SHOT. The Colonel and Saito are still in their positions. Saito breaks the silence.

SAITO
(quietly)
You have only yourself to blame.

He turns and barks out an order in Japanese

162. PARADE GROUND. The back of the second truck clatters down. In the truck, are two mounted machine guns. The Soldiers in the truck move to the guns.

163. CLOSE SHOT. The Colonel, startled.

164. GROUP SHOT - The Officers react, worried.

165. INT. HOSPITAL - on Clipton, aghast, and the others.

166-172. EXT. PARADE GROUND - Saito moves a step closer to the Colonel

CONTINUED

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166-172. Ctd.

SAITO
(deliberately)
You will return to your Officers. I will count three. If by the third count, they are not on the way to work, I will give the order to fire.
(he pauses briefly)
Return to your men.

The Colonel stares at him, starts to speak, changes his mind. He turns and starts steadily back toward the Officers. The Officers watch him tensely, unprepared for what is happening so swiftly. The Colonel reaches them, his face blank, then turns to face Saito. Saito calls out in Japanese.

The truck starts, the abrupt sound of its motor sounding horribly loud, and backs up towards the Officers, stopping a few yards away. The Officers stare at the guns. The Japanese Soldiers at the guns are stolidly ready for action. Saito looks at Colonel Nicholson. The Colonel makes a last attempt at reason.

NICHOLSON
I warn you, Colonel Saito -

SAITO
(cutting him off)
One! ...

The Colonel's lips tighten, and he lapses into silence. Behind him, the Officers are gaping in disbelief and horror.

SAITO
Two! ....

The Officers look desperately toward the Colonel. Saito is about to open his mouth. He is stopped by Clipton's VOICE.

CLIPTON'S VOICE
Wait! ----

173. EXT. HOSPITAL. Clipton is running toward them from the hospital.

CLIPTON
(as he runs)
Colonel Saito, wait!

174. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The two Japanese Soldiers close in on him, grab him.

CLIPTON
I warn you, Colonel Saito! I've seen and heard everything, and so have all the men in the hospital. You've got forty witnesses, unless you want to kill us all!....

CONTINUED

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174. Ctd. Saito glares at him, then turns and looks towards the hospital.

175. THE HOSPITAL - from Saito's point of view. The Prisoners clustered at the side vent are in full view.

176. PARADE GROUND. Saito starts toward Clipton, his fist raised. Clipton doesn't flinch.

CLIPTON
(steadily)
And you'll never get away with calling it a mass escape. Most of those men can't even walk.

Saito stops, choking with rage. Then, giving up, he turns away from him.

SAITO
All officers to detention huts!

177. GROUP SHOT - on the Colonel and the Officers. Relieved, still dazed, they turn and start to leave the parade ground, the Colonel walking beside the file of twos. The CAMERA goes with them. Reeves and Hughes, side by side, are incredulous but grateful.

HUGHES
(weakly)
Coo ...

178. GROUP SHOT - on Saito, Clipton and Two Jap Soldiers. Clipton is weak-kneed but triumphant.

SAITO
(suddenly)
Not Colonel Nicholson!

He says something in Japanese to the Soldiers, and they release Clipton. Clipton looks at Saito, worried again.

179. GROUP SHOT - the Officers. They have stopped, and are looking hesitantly at the Colonel.

NICHOLSON
(calmly)
Carry on. I shall be all right.

They hesitate, then start marching again. The Colonel stands there, waiting.

180. GROUP SHOT - Saito, Clipton and the Soldiers. Saito starts forward now, followed by the Soldiers. Clipton looks after them worriedly. The CAMERA goes with them until they reach the Colonel. Saito pauses briefly.

CONTINUED

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180. Ctd.

SAITO
(harshly)
You will come with me.

He goes on. The Colonel, pale but erect, falls in behind him. The Two Soldiers, tommy guns at ready, fall in behind them.

181. CLOSE SHOT - as Clipton, very worried, stares after them.

182. GROUP SHOT - with Saito, the Colonel, and the two stolid-faced soldiers. They stride across the sunbaked mud.

DISSOLVE TO:

183. INT. PRISON HUT - DAY. The door opens. Colonel Nicholson, his face battered and bleeding is thrown into the hut. His body hits the ground, and he lies there, inert and unconscious. The door swings shut.

CUT TO:

184-186. CLOSEUP - LARGE SCALE MAP - DAY - showing the location of the bridge marked on the River Kwai.

BRIEFING OFFICER'S VOICE
(over)
Listen carefully now, Team Three, and I'll give you a re-cap...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Briefing Officer. He is a young, intelligent-looking British Lieutenant with glasses and a pointer. We are in what was formerly a hotel dining room in Colombo. The section of the map we have seen is part of a large map of East Asia, covering almost all of one wall. The room is crowded with Officers and Men in various uniforms - British, American, Australian, Canadian, Free French - and various nationalities including Chinese, Siamese and other Asian volunteers, the two and three-man teams seated at tables from which the cloths have been removed; WAAF and WREN Officers move efficiently about the room with papers, pencils, coffee, etc. At a table near the Briefing Officer are an American and a British Colonel, and their aides. Shears, Joyce and Warden are at a table near the map, Warden and Joyce taking notes. They are Team Three, and they listen carefully, each in their own way.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Your bridge is the largest and most important on the line between Bangkok and Rangoon. You'll be dropped about five miles from this village, here...
(he indicates it)
which is two or three days march from the railroad, so it's quite convenient, and allows for all the reconnaissance

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184-186 (contd.)

BRIEFING OFFICER (contd.)
you should need. Intelligence says the village is loyal, organized and expecting you, and you should have all the help you can use. The headman's name is Yai. Your drop signal is six fires in the shape of a capital T. The password is: Would you like to buy some betel nuts? Your answer is: Yes, that is why we came...We'll be on the radio to you every night at 21.15 precisely. You should make your reply immediately afterward. And once more, at risk of being repetitious, don't allow yourselves to be taken alive...Any questions?

WARDEN
Just one, Lieutenant. Would it be possible for Captain Shears and myself to take a short parachute course?

BRIEFING OFFICER
Sorry, I'm afraid not, sir - there just isn't time. We've checked with the RAF, and they say if you can't take the full course, you're just as well off taking your chances on the one jump. Sorry, sir...good luck.

WARDEN
Thank you.

Shears, Warden and Joyce get up and start out of the room, CAMERA GOING with them.

BRIEFING OFFICER'S VOICE
(over)
Alright, Team Four, if you'll come up front now...

SHEARS
It's like you said, Freddie. It's a different war now...One thing about these big modern armies - they've got experts with answers for everything...

DISSOLVE TO:

187-189. INT. COLOMBO HOTEL ROOM - DAY. Warden has several sticks of P.E., and he has unwrapped one and is kneading it in his fingers. Joyce is studying a Siamese grammar.

WARDEN
Fascinating, absolutely fascinating...
(as Joyce looks up)
This new explosive, P.E...So mild and harmless in repose --
(he picks up a stick and bangs it hard on the table)
and yet so powerful in action. What an ingenious race of creatures we are, Joyce.

JOYCE
Yes, sir.

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187- He goes back to his grammar, but cannot concentrate on it.
189 He looks up at Warden, playing with the P.E., and studies him
(cond.) enviously and self-consciously.

JOYCE
(tentatively)
Captain --
(as Warden looks at him)
if I ask you something, would you give me an honest answer?

WARDEN
I'll try ...

JOYCE
Do you think I made a mistake in volunteering for this job?

WARDEN
Why do you ask?

JOYCE
(embarrassed)
I don't know...It's just that when I compare myself to you and Shears, I feel maybe I haven't got the right background for this kind of work...

WARDEN
(amused)
What is the proper background? And what makes you think Shears and I have it? ... What did you do before the war?

JOYCE
I was an engineer. I mean, I graduated, but I never worked at it, really. I was in an office for two years. I drew a girder.
(as Warden looks at him, puzzled)
The company I worked for made pre-fab bridges. My job was to work out a girder that would give the greatest resistance for the smallest weight of steel. That would save the company money, you see. So that's what I worked on, that girder.

WARDEN
And did you enjoy it?

JOYCE
(startled)
Enjoy it? I worked on that girder for two solid years. I must have drawn it a thousand times. I got so I could see it in my sleep. I did see it in my sleep - I used to dream about it...One night I was out with my girl, dancing. Don't tickle me, she said. I wasn't tickling her. I'd been drawing that girder on her back with my finger...At the end of those two years, I saved the company a pound and a half of steel. I got a raise, but, boy, how I hated that girder...

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CONTINUED

187-
189
(cont.)

WARDEN
Then I take it you've no scruples against blowing up a bridge?

JOYCE
Scruples? That's why I volunteered.

WARDEN
And you say you haven't the proper background. My boy, you were born for this.

The door opens, and Shears comes in, carrying mail.

SHEARS
Something for everybody...
(he tosses a bundle of letters toward Warden)
The little woman's in there pitching.
(he turns to Joyce with three letters)
Here's yours, Junior.

JOYCE
(taking them)
Thanks.

SHEARS
Your girl friend?

JOYCE
(recognizing the writing)
No, my mother.

Shears looks at him bleakly, and takes a chair. He has two letters. Warden, opening one of his, pauses.

WARDEN
You've struck it rich, too.

SHEARS
Oh, sure, I've got fans all over.

He tears open a letter.

INSERT: It carries the heading WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION, and has a Washington address. It reads:
DEAR SIR: I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT IT AS YET IS TOO EARLY IN THE WAR TO ADJUDICATE YOUR CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION FOR ONE CIRCUS SIDESHOW TENT AND OTHER EQUIPMENT CONFISCATED BY THE JAPANESE ARMY ON JANUARY 12, 1942, IN SINGAPORE. PLEASE BE ASSURED...

Back to scene. Shears drops it on the floor, tears open the other letter.

INSERT: A PAST-DUE BILL FOR TWENTY DOLLARS FOR MEMBERSHIP DUES FOR 1942 AND 1943 FROM THE PACIFIC AND ORIENTAL SHOWMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Back to scene.

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187-189 (cont.) Shears studies the bill thoughtfully, whistling softly through his teeth.

Joyce is reading his mail, as is Warden. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Warden and his letter, as he reads. OVER him, we hear the pleasant, cultured voice of his Wife:

VOICE
(over)
...However, it should cheer you a little to learn that the boat race was held after all, and that Oxford was victorious again in what the Times called a surprising burst of speed. Your son and namesake, doubly loyal in your absence, was delirious...

Warden smiles.

VOICE
(continuing over)
Young John Weaver came by for tea afterward, looking shockingly young and yet somehow strangely old in his new uniform...

Warden looks over at Shears, amused.

VOICE
(continuing over)
...and it was only after he spilled tea in his lap, as usual, that I remembered how you despaired of ever making clear to him the relationship between Siamese and Sanskrit. How much good will that knowledge do him now, I wonder - or for that matter, you either, my darling...

Warden smiles to himself.

VOICE
(continuing over)
Last night we went to Aeolian Hall for the Mozart. The quintet in G.minor was lovely, and I missed you very much --

The telephone bell cuts sharply and harshly across. As the others look up, and the phone continues to ring insistently, Warden gets up and goes toward it.

DISSOLVE TO:

190. THE SKY - NIGHT - A Dakota drones through the moonlight-dappled clouds.

191. EXT.SKY - THE PLANE - from above. Below it, the dark Siamese jungle slips by.

192. EXT. SKY - THE PLANE - closer, seen broadside.

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193. INT. PLANE - Shears, Warden and Joyce are sitting together on a narrow bench against one side of the plane. Apart from them, and near to the hatch, sitting on the parachuted crates containing equipment, are two RAF SERGEANTS, smoking. The roar of the engines fills the interior of the plane. No one tries to talk against it. Shears, Warden and Joyce are wrapped in their private thoughts. The Two Sergeants smoke thoughtfully.

194. EXT. SKY - on the plane, as it passes in and out of the moonlight.

195. INT. COCKPIT - the Pilot at the controls, his Co-Pilot looking out into the night. He sees something below, reacts, nudges the Pilot, points. The Pilot raises himself a little, and looks out and down past the Co-Pilot.

196. EXT. JUNGLE - from the plane. In the distance, the flames of a single fire can be seen flickering in the darkness.

197. INT. COCKPIT. The Pilot and Co-Pilot look at each other dubiously. The Pilot points with his thumb to the cabin. The Co-Pilot gets up and goes out.

198. INT. CABIN - as the Co-Pilot comes in and makes his way to Shears, Joyce and Warden. They wait for him.

CO-PILOT
(yelling over the engines)
We're over the place, but there's just one fire, and it's not in the shape of a T. Maybe it's not your people down there. You want to jump or not?

They look at each other. Shears shrugs. Warden makes his decision.

WARDEN
(over the noise)
May as well. No sense coming this far just to go back.

The Co-Pilot looks at him dubiously.

CO-PILOT
You're the doctor...

He starts back toward the cockpit.

DISSOLVE TO:

199. INT. PLANE - NIGHT. A light near the cockpit is flashing. The hatch is open now, the whine of the wind merging with the roar of the engines. The Two Sergeants are standing near the open hatch. Shears, Joyce and Warden are on their feet now. The light changes colour. The Sergeants see it, and motion to the three men. Joyce starts forward. Shears grabs his arm.

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199. (cont.)

SHEARS
(over the noise)
Age before beauty, junior. I'll show you how we did it in San Diego.

He goes forward.

200. EXT. SKY - THE PLANE.

201. INT. PLANE - Warden and Joyce are looking at Shears, who has reached the hatch. He stops, turns to look at Warden, then turns to one of the Sergeants.

SHEARS
(over the noise)
Give me a shove, will you, Mac?

The Sergeant understands. Gently, but firmly, he puts his hand on Shears' chest, and shoves. Shears falls out of the plane.

202. EXT. SKY - as Shears' body tumbles out of the plane and falls into the night. It plummets down, down. Then, suddenly, the 'chute flares open.

203. MED. SHOT - SHEARS - as his body reacts to the jerk of the 'chute, and he realizes that it is open.

204. INT. PLANE - Warden is already in position.

WARDEN
(to the Sergeant)
If you please...

The Sergeant smiles grimly, shoves. Warden disappears. The Two Sergeants turn and look at Joyce. He starts forward.

205. EXT. SKY - on Warden, as his 'chute jerks open. Reacting to it with customary calm, his hands move down to his waist, checking that the knife and gun strapped to his hips are still there.

206. INT. PLANE - Joyce is now before the open hatch, facing the Sergeants. He feels impelled to say something, at least to let them know that he is experienced at what he is about to do. His mouth opens.

JOYCE
I ---

Without malice, the Sergeant shoves him out.

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207. EXT. SKY - as Joyce drops swiftly down and away from the plane. He falls into the darkness. Then his 'chute billows open, and he seems to hang for a moment in space.

208. INT. PLANE - The Two Sergeants are looking out and down into the night sky.

209. LONG SHOT - JUNGLE - from their point of view. Far below, the signal fire rapidly growing smaller is dancing in the darkness. Over it, dwindling in size, the three moonlit parachutes spiral down toward the jungle.

210. INT. PLANE - The Two Sergeants look at each other. The one who has done the shoving shakes his head slightly. In a mixture of wonder, admiration and rejection.

SERGEANT
(yelling over the noise)
Cloak and dagger stuff ...

The other Sergeant shrugs. He scratches his behind. They both move toward the crates of equipment.

211. EXT. SKY - THE PLANE - as it begins to turn for his second run.

212. EXT. CLEARING - where the signal fire is blazing. Near the fire, and in the f.g. are the legs of a Native (YAI) standing as if the man, whoever he may be, is watching the sky, and waiting. In the sky, the three descending parachutes can be seen. The sound of the returning plane grows louder.

213. EXT. SKY - the plane coming back. Objects tumble from the plane. They are the crates and their parachutes now open.

214. EXT. CLEARING - Shooting past the legs. In the b.g. Shears' parachute is reaching the tree-tops. As it disappears, the legs start toward it. The o.s. sound of the plane fades away.

215. EXT. JUNGLE - as Shears drops to earth. He is lucky, landing with only a slight jar. Very quickly, he pulls himself to his feet, and stares up into the sky. He can see the crates coming down, and he marks their descent.

216. EXT. JUNGLE - as Warden reaches the ground. He, too, is fortunate in avoiding trees. He falls forward, but is unhurt.

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217. EXT. JUNGLE - as Joyce comes to earth, guiding his descent with the 'chute-ropes, as he has learned to do. Unfortunately, he runs afoul of a tree, lands badly, and hits his head against a tree-trunk hard enough to stun him. He lies there, dazed.

218. EXT. JUNGLE - SHEARS - as he steps out of his harness, eyes searching the dark jungle. He hears the SOUND of someone approaching, and reacts quickly. His hand comes up from his hip, holding his gun. The faint drone of the plane fades out completely. Out of the thick vegetation YAI appears, a small man in native dress with an intelligent face, quick, shrewd eyes and a broad, craggy black-toothed grin.

YAI
Okay - okay --- you like buy betel nut?

Shears looks at him, watchful and unconvinced.

SHEARS
Maybe, I mean, that's why we're here.

He motions him toward him. Still grinning admiringly, Yai comes to him. Shears waits. Unobtrusively, he has holstered his gun and now has his knife ready.

YAI
Okay, Okay.
(he points to himself)
I, Yai.

SHEARS
(puzzled)
Ai yai?

YAI
(pleased)
Yes, yes, Okay, Okay...

SHEARS
I hear you. Just stay put.

His eyes search the dark undergrowth about them for possible treachery. Fairly satisfied, he calls out.

SHEARS
Freddie --

219. EXT. JUNGLE - as Warden, carrying his parachute in one arm and his knife in his free hand, makes his way through the undergrowth. He hears Shears, and stops.

WARDEN
Here!

SHEARS' VOICE
I've got a greeter.

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219. (cont.)

WARDEN
Coming!

He hurries in the direction of Shears' VOICE.

220. EXT. JUNGLE - SHEARS AND YAI - as they wait, listening to the sound of Warden's approach. Shears keeps his eyes on Yai. Yai continues to look pleased and friendly. Warden breaks through, and sees them. He hurries toward them, addressing Yai in Siamese. Yai replies. Shears waits as the rapid-fire exchange continues.

Satisfied, Warden turns to Shears.

WARDEN
He's our man.

SHEARS
Where's the rest of them?

WARDEN
He says the Japs are too thick around here lately and he didn't want to take chances. He's taking us to a hut in the hills where his mother lives.

Shears thinks it over.

YAI
(grinning)
No worry. Okay, okay.

SHEARS
That's your story, Julius.

WARDEN
(suddenly)
Where's Joyce?

Shears realises that he, too, has forgotten.

WARDEN
(calling)
Joyce -- Joyce --

221. EXT. JUNGLE - JOYCE - still dizzy, is just pulling himself to his feet.

JOYCE
(embarrassed)
Here -- coming -- !

Hurriedly, he starts to climb out of the harness.

DISSOLVE TO:

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222. EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT. All four men are stamping out the remains of the signal fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

223. EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT. They are burying one of the crates.

DISSOLVE TO:

224. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - NIGHT. With Yai in the lead, the four men plod along the jungle trail. Each of them is carrying a heavy load of equipment. The going is difficult, and there is no talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

225. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - NIGHT. The file of men as they continue along the trail. Yai stops, points o.s.

226. LONG SHOT - from their point of view, of twinkling lights in the valley below.

227. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL. THE GROUP.

YAI
My village...

He grins, and starts moving again. They follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

228. EXT. HUT CLEARING - NIGHT. The four men come out of the jungle into the clearing. In the centre of the clearing is a native hut, mounted on poles and reached by a narrow wooden stair. A small brook splashes not far from the hut. Yai leads the way to the hut. They mount the stairs.

229 - 231. INT. HUT. An incredibly old, wrinkled harridan of a Native Woman is sitting on a mat. She looks up as Yai enters, followed by Warden, Joyce and Shears, observes their entrance, but gives no reaction to the sight of them, nor to Yai's bow. Warden, Shears and Joyce gratefully put down their burdens. Yai greets her politely in Siamese. She makes no reply. Stolidly, she continues to chew betel nuts. In the wrinkled, leathery face, her sharp, angry, beady eyes seem oddly youthful and alive.

YAI
(smiling)
All time fight my wife, make trouble. Better she stay here.

The old lady ignores them all.

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229-
231
(cont.)

YAI
You stay here, nobody know. Okay?

WARDEN
Okay.

Shears and Joyce are looking curiously at the old woman.

SHEARS
Hi, Ma?

Knowing he is addressing her, she flicks him a look, but goes on chewing in silent contempt.

Yai turns now, goes to a corner of the room and, with great agility, apparently climbs straight up the wall. Cleats of bamboo have been fixed to the bamboo of the walls themselves and these, almost invisible and camouflaged by their background, form a series of footholds that lead up to the low ceiling.

Reaching the ceiling, he shoves against it, and a small section of it in the corner gives way. He snakes through the open trap, and disappears.

Shears, Warden and Joyce have been watching him.

From the open trap, a rope ladder comes down. Yai's head appears in the opening, and he motions them up.

The three men look at each other, then move toward the ladder. Shears goes up first, pausing only to touch and admire the lower cleats in the wall.

232. INT. LOFT - NIGHT. Between the false ceiling and the actual sloping roof a large room has been formed. It is bare except for three sleeping mats, and dark now except for the light from below. Yai gives Shears a helping hand, and he comes through. Stooping at first under the sloping roof, he moves toward the centre of the room, where he can straighten. Behind him, Warden and Joyce come up through the trap. They join him, look around. Yai smiles anxiously, waiting for their reaction.

WARDEN
You smuggle a little bit, now and then?

YAI
(happily)
Little bit, little bit...

Shears turns to the hanging lamp and starts to light it. There is the SOUND OF VOICES in Japanese, from outside the hut. Everyone freezes. In the quick look Warden and Shears shoot each other there is sudden suspicion of treachery. Joyce is dazed. Yai moves quickly to a peep-hole in the roof. They follow.

233. EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT. A platoon of Jap Soldiers, led by a Lieutenant, is coming into the clearing.

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234. INT. LOFT. Yai has lost his smile. He whispers frantically to Warden. They look at him, accept his innocence.

SHEARS
(suddenly)
Our stuff --

They turn and dash toward the trap.

235. EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT. The platoon nears the house. The Lieutenant barks an order, and they break ranks. All but three of the men move, chattering, toward the stream, beginning to free their canteens. The Lieutenant and the Three Men start toward the house. They reach the stair.

236. INT. HUT. The Old Woman is still squatting on the floor. For the moment she has stopped chewing and is watching as Yai frantically climbs up the ladder with the last of the boxes. There is the SOUND of the Japanese coming up the stairs. Shears and Joyce in the trap, grab the box from Yai and he slides down.

237. INT. LOFT. Shears takes the box, sets it down gently, turns back to the trap. Joyce is hauling up the ladder. It catches on a cleat. Shears glares at him. Below Yai is open-mouthed with horror.

238. EXT. HUT - as the Lieutenant and his men reach the entrance to the hut. The Lieutenant pauses, straightens his tunic, and turns to look toward the men at the stream.

239. EXT. STREAM - from the Lieutenant's point of view, on the soldiers filling their canteens and drinking.

240. EXT. HUT - as the Lieutenant turns and starts to go inside.

241. INT. HUT - CLOSE ON TRAP - as it slides sliently into place. CAMERA PANS down to the doorway on the Lieutenant coming in. Yai is bowing obsequiously. The Three Soldiers file in after the Lieutenant.

242. INT. LOFT. The three men are lying on the floor, peering through a hole in the false ceiling. The Lieutenant's Voice, threatening comes up.

243. INT. HUT. - shooting through the hole. The Lieutenant swaggers about the room, Yai meekly following him.

244. INT. LOFT - on Shears, Warden and Joyce, as they wait, breathless.

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245. INT. HUT - The Lieutenant barks an order, and the Three Soldiers begin a desultory search. The Lieutenant looks at the Old Woman, chewing her nuts, speaks to her. She remains silent, looking at him with her beady eyes. Yai apologises for her humbly. The Lieutenant laughs. Then, with an abrupt change of mood, he barks at Yai, and begins to search the room. He moves toward the corner of the room where the cleats and the trapdoor are

246. INT. LOFT. - as Shears, Warden and Joyce react.

247. INT. HUT. The Lieutenant is almost in the corner. Yai shrugs in defeat and calls out to him. The Lieutenant turns. Yai goes to another corner, reaches behind some cooking utensils and jars of preserved foods, brings out a basket of eggs and takes it to the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant takes it. Smiling, he goes to the same corner, and scatters the pots and jars with his foot, but finds no more eggs. Satisfied, he says a few cautionary words to Yai. Yai apologises. The Lieutenant snaps at his men, and they move toward the door. He follows them, stopping only to snatch some betel nuts from the Old Woman with a devil-may-care grin, and goes out.

248. EXT. CLEARING. The remainder of the platoon is waiting near the hut, as the Three Soldiers and the Lieutenant come down the stairs to join them. The Lieutenant shouts a command, and they form into line. He moves to the head, and they start from the clearing toward the trail.

249. INT. LOFT. Shears, Warden and Joyce are jammed against a hole in the sloping roof, peering out into the clearing, their hands still on their guns. The SOUND of the Japanese fades into the jungle. They turn and look at each other. They are sweating.

JOYCE
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry about the ladder...

Shears is silent.

WARDEN
No harm done.

He wipes his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

250. EXT. CLEARING - as Shears comes into the clearing from the trail and goes toward the hut. He is smoking a cigar, and tossing a flat tin can in one hand. He looks thoughtful as he mounts the stairs.

251. INT. HUT. The Old Woman is bent over her cooking fire as Shears comes in, and does not bother to turn around. As he crosses and goes to the rope ladder, Shears clicks his tongue at her. She

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CONTINUED

251. (cont.) gives him a baleful look. Smiling, Shears climbs the ladder.

252-254. INT. LOFT - as Shears comes through the trap. Warden and Yai are squatting over a map and talking in Siamese. Joyce is fiddling with the receiving radio. Shears looks at Warden and Yai, and goes over to Joyce.

SHEARS
What's going on?

JOYCE
(embarrassed)
I don't know. I couldn't follow it, so I gave up.

SHEARS
I thought you had lessons in Siamese?

JOYCE
I did. It must have been a different dialect.

SHEARS
They probably taught you court Siamese. Don't worry, it'll come in handy after the war - when we get invited to all those receptions.

Warden and Yai become silent. Shears and Joyce turn toward them. Warden looks thoughtful.

SHEARS
What's the good word?

WARDEN
Too much Jap.

YAI
(grinning)
Yes, yes, too much. Plenty too much. Oh, too much.

WARDEN
He says they're swarming between here and the river, and we can't possibly get through. We'll have to make a long sweep around - about a hundred miles according to the map.

SHEARS
(mildly)
Is that so?

He looks at the can in his hand, and starts to pace.

SHEARS
(a wicked imitation of the Briefing Officer)
Well, if you'll all sit up straight and stop picking your teeth, Team Three, I'll give you a final re-cap... Your dropping signal will be six fires in the shape of a T. But who knows? Maybe it'll be something else... You'll be dropped two or three days march from the river,

CONTINUED

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252-
254.
(cont.)

SHEARS (continued)
which is very convenient, only you won't be able to get to it. No, sir. Instead you'll have to take a nice, long detour, which if you're lucky won't take you more than a month...

JOYCE
A month?

SHEARS
Only if you're lucky, Junior. In jungle you can walk twenty miles to cover one on the map. You'll find out...
(he goes back into character)
Okay, Team Three, pay attention here.
You can't have any reconnaissance, so you'll just have to go out and hope for the best. But don't worry, because we'll be back here doing the thinking for you every inch of the way...

They are all watching him.

SHEARS
(still in character)
There's only one more thing. You'll have to take everything you need with you. That means at least 300 pounds of P.E., plus all the other junk you'll need, making at least six hundred pounds you'll be dragging through that nice quiet jungle. So by the time you get to that bridge, the war will probably be over. Any questions?

WARDEN
(after a pause)
He says he can get us all the bearers we need.

YAI
Oh, yes, plenty bearer. Very strong. No like Japanese.

WARDEN
Still, it's not at all according to plan, and most depressing. I suppose we'd better let headquarters know.

SHEARS
Definitely! Right away! Let's get in touch with the geniuses immediately, because maybe they can figure out something. Yes, sir! There's only one small problem...To operate a sending set you need a dynamo.

JOYCE
We've got a dynamo.
(he sees the look on Shears' face)
I saw the crate.

SHEARS
Oh, we've got the crate, alright. Only it's full of sardines.

He holds the tin up in full view now, then tosses it onto the map

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CONTINUED

252-
254.
(cont'd)

SHEARS
And if you can reach headquarters with those, Junior, you had a hell of a basic training.

They stare at the sardines. The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on the tin.

DISSOLVE TO:

255. CLOSEUP - OPEN SARDINE TIN - DAY. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that Shears is eating the sardines, spearing them with his knife. He is sitting on the lower stairs outside the hut, and Joyce and Warden are standing nearby.

SHEARS
He's been gone a long time .....

No one says anything. He continues eating.

WARDEN
(suddenly)
There he is. But he's alone ....

Shears and Joyce look up.

256. EXT. CLEARING - from their point of view. Yai is coming toward the hut slowly. He is not grinning.

257. EXT. HUT - As they see him come.

SHEARS
Laughing Boy isn't laughing ...

They rise and go toward Yai as he approaches them. He looks at them miserably. They wait.

YAI
(finally)
I very sorry .... No bearer. No men go.
All afraid too much Jap. I ashamed ....

They look at him. After a pause, Shears clears his throat.

SHEARS
(the Briefing Officer)
Intelligence says the village is loyal organised and expecting you, and you will have all the help you can use. As we say in London, everything is laid on ....

WARDEN
You couldn't get anyone?

YAI
(tentatively)
I get something. Maybe okay.

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257. Ctd.

WARDEN
Who? Where?

Yai turns and calls out in Siamese. They follow his glance. There is the SOUND of movement in the brush. They stare, then look at each other, stunned.

258. EXT. CLEARING - from their point of view. A very Old Man has come out of the brush, followed by two Young Girls, then a Woman of Yai's age, a boy of twelve, an Amazon of a Woman with a squint and betel-stained teeth, and two more Girls in their teens. The girls are lithe, doll-like, very pretty. We will know one of them as Ladda, and she is the prettiest. The procession continues toward the hut.

259. EXT. HUT - as the two groups meet. The Old Man is peering at them near-sightedly, the Boy is wide-eyed and excited, the Girls shy and with lowered heads, the Amazon unabashed, lips parted in a grin over her blackened teeth.

WARDEN
(finally)
It may not be as bad as it seems. The women do all the work here anyway. They say they're quite strong....

He looks at Shears, but receives no comfort. Yai indicates the Old Man.

YAI
Him Porn. Long time ago, big hunter.
Him guide, know jungle okay ...
(he indicates the first two girls)
Him daughters ... Very strong ...
(he shrugs)
No son ...

The Old Man and the two Girls, sensing he is referring to them bow in Siamese fashion. Yai moves to Ladda and the other Girl.

YAI
No mother, no father. Nice girl, very strong.

They bow shyly. Yai indicates the Amazon.

YAI
Wife my brother. He dead. She very strong.

She bows energetically. He moves to the last Woman and the Boy.

YAI
My wife. Very strong ... My son. Good boy ...

They bow. Yai waits humbly. Shears, Warden and Joyce look at him, and then at each other.

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259. Ctd.

WARDEN
Not ideal, but the poor fellow's done his best.

SHEARS
(finally)
What's the matter with his mother? She's not doing anything.

The Amazon is grinning amiably. He shudders.

CUT TO:

260. CLOSEUP - SAITO'S CALENDAR. The girl on the bearskin rug is smiling. The date is August 11. Then, behind the calendar we see:

261. INT. PRISON HUT - DAY - Colonel Nicholson is sitting on the mud floor, head bowed on his knees. The Smiling Face on the calendar fades out. OVER the shot, we hear the distant sounds of the prisoners at work and the thud of the pile-driver.

262. FULL SHOT - EXT. RIVER - FIRST BRIDGE SITE. The scene is much as before, except that the Prisoners seem to be moving more slowly. Two more piles have been added to each row, and they are obviously out of alignment with the others. Two boats, loaded with prisoners, are moving toward the far bank.

263. EXT. BRIDGE SITE. The pile-driver falls. The Prisoners in the water take the shock. The Prisoners on the scaffold haul the pile-driver up again, very slowly, obviously stalling. When they have pulled it up, they stop to rest. Finally, the Japanese Guard overseeing them shouts angrily. They let it fall. There is an o.s. shout.

264. EXT. RIVER - on the two boats. There is a Guard in each, and Miura is in the second boat. The Prisoners in the lead boat are all yelling and jumping to their feet.

265. EXT. RIVER - LEAD BOAT. It is filled with water, and the Prisoners in it are yelling with assumed excitement and confusion. The Guard is confused.

266. EXT. RIVER - SECOND BOAT. The Prisoners are reacting to the situation in the lead boat with exaggerated excitement. Miura, holding his pads and pencils, is on his feet now, trying to understand what is happening.

267. EXT. RIVER - LEAD BOAT. As the water rises to its gunwales, the Prisoners take to the water.

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268. EXT. RIVER - SECOND BOAT. There is much excitement. Miura is dazed. Men from the lead boat are swimming toward it. A Prisoner in the stern, BAKER, is stealthily stoving a hole in the bottom of the boat with a piece of broken pick-axe. He makes a hole, and water bubbles through.

269. EXT. RIVER - as the lead boat sinks. Men are swimming in all directions.

270. EXT. RIVER - SECOND BOAT - where Prisoners in the water have reached it and are rocking it. Baker tosses his weapon over the side. Water is filling the boat. Miura, unaware of it, is afraid the men in the water will capsize the boat.

MIURA
(shrieking)
Go away! Go away! - swim --!

Suddenly he realises he is in water up to his ankles. The men in the boat react with exaggerated excitement. They dive and jump over the side. Miura, shrieking impotently in Japanese now, is alone in the foundering boat, arms clutching his precious papers. Gently, the water-logged boat sinks beneath the surface until Miura, losing his balance, topples into the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

271. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - NIGHT. He is slapping Miura, and screaming at him in Japanese.

DISSOLVE TO:

272. INT. PRISON HUT - NIGHT. Baker, unconscious and bleeding is thrown into the hut. The door slams shut.

273. INT. NICHOLSON PRISON HUT. The Colonel hears the slamming of the door and footsteps of the Guards. He realises someone has been imprisoned.

DISSOLVE TO:

274. EXT. BRUSH - DAY. The Two British Prisoners we have seen in the parade ground sequence (LOOMIS AND GROGAN) are sawing a tree. Finished, they let it fall. They go over to it. It has been insect-ridden to the point where it is almost hollow, and under the impact of its fall has split halfway up the trunk. Loomis puts his foot on the trunk, and the wood crumbles under the pressure. They look at each other sadly, and wander off.

DISSOLVE TO:

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275. EXT. TOOL-SHED - NIGHT. It is on fire. Japanese Soldiers are trying to put it out with buckets of water. Nearby, a group of Prisoners are looking on sympathetically.

DISSOLVE TO:

276-278. CLOSEUP - SAITO'S CALENDAR - NIGHT. The goddess on the rug smiles on. The date is August 18th. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Saito. He is smiling, too, but not without effort and, indeed, pain.

SAITO
(to Camera)
Sit down, please ...

He is speaking to Colonel Nicholson,who is standing before him, haggard, but in command of himself. Saito leads the Colonel to the dining table.

NICHOLSON
Thank you.

He takes the chair Saito indicates. The table has been laid for one, and on it are two tins of corned beef, some cigarettes, a box of cigars, and a bottle of whiskey. The Colonel takes in the refreshments.

SAITO
Will you have a little something?
The corned beef is excellent.

NICHOLSON
(politely)
No, thank you.

SAITO
(disappointed)
No?
(he waits, and then as Nicholson shakes his head, he extends the cigarettes)
Cigarette?

NICHOLSON
No, thank you.

SAITO
You smoke cigars?

NICHOLSON
No, thank you.

SAITO
Some whiskey? Have a drink?

NICHOLSON
No thank you.

Saito is stuck. Stalling, he pours himself a drink.

CONTINUED

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276-
278
(Cont)

SAITO
Perhaps you will change your mind and join me later.

NICHOLSON
Perhaps. I must point out to you, Colonel Saito, that I intend to make a complete report of all that has taken place in this camp.

Saito sets his glass down angrily, starts to speak, then controls himself.

SAITO
Colonel Nicholson, shall we talk man to man?

NICHOLSON
(surprised)
By all means. I am perfectly willing to hear anything you have to say. However, I doubt that you can persuade me to take a less stringent position.

Saito frowns. Already the Colonel has somehow managed to put him on the defensive. Nevertheless, he plunges on.

SAITO
Colonel, as a fellow soldier, I feel a deep admiration for your attitude....

The Colonel inclines his head graciously.

SAITO
But war is war. Surely you understand that I must carry out orders?

NICHOLSON
(reasonably)
Oh, quite, quite.

SAITO
(encouraged)
So. And my orders are to complete the bridge over the River Kwai by the 18th day of October. Time is short. I have only two months left. Therefore I must use all available personnel.

NICHOLSON
(calmly)
But not officers, except in an administrative capacity.

SAITO
(outraged)
But officers are working alongside their men over the entire railroad. I know this is so!

CONTINUED

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276-
278
(cont'd)

NICHOLSON
(stiffly)
I can't be responsible for the decisions of other British commanders. Personally, I wholeheartedly disapprove.

With great effort, Saito controls himself. To collect himself, he starts to pace. For a while the Colonel watches him, then breaks the silence.

NICHOLSON
Colonel Saito, please understand that I have no objection to my men being engaged in any useful and constructive occupation.

SAITO
The bridge is useful! The bridge is constructive!

NICHOLSON
(Ignoring the interruption)
Such activity, under proper conditions. is excellent for morale.

SAITO
Yes, yes, I agree.

NICHOLSON
But, my dear chap, morale depends in great measure on the nature and quality of command. Command is the prime function of officers. Once an officer ceases to command, once he comes down to the level of his men, he ceases to be an officer. Don't you agree?

He sits back, rather pleased with the force and clarity of his argument. Saito is disappointed.

SAITO
Yes, I agree. However --

NICHOLSON
I know you would. And in point of fact, some of my officers are highly experienced at this sort of do. If you'd allow us to go about this properly, I think I could guarantee you a bridge we'd both be proud of.

Saito stares at him. He goes to the table, pours himself another drink, then fills another glass. He gives this to the Colonel, almost forcing the glass into his hand.

SAITO
(carefully)
I see your point, and there is no need for further difficulty between us. When I said all officers must work, naturally I never meant you, the Commanding Officer. I meant only the others ---

The Colonel sets the glass back on the table. CONTINUED

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276-278. (Cont'd).

NICHOLSON
(firmly)
None of my officers will do manual labour.

Saito's lips tighten but he keeps his temper.

SAITO
But, I was about to say that I have been thinking the matter over recently, and I think I could put majors and above on administrative duties. Only the junior officers would then --

NICHOLSON
(implacably)
No.

Saito takes a long breath and then, to avoid throwing himself bodily on the Colonel, begins to pace again. The Colonel watches him, almost sympathetically. The silence grows. The Colonel breaks it.

NICHOLSON
(conversationally)
May I ask, Colonel, are you satisfied with the work on the bridge so far?

It is the final straw. Saito turns, his face livid, picks up the Colonel's glass, and dashes its contents in his face. The Colonel, face dripping, more puzzled than hurt, looks up at him.

SAITO
(screaming)
Work sabotage is illegal! It says so in the Geneva Convention.

NICHOLSON
I agree. But under the circumstances there is nothing I can do about it.

Saito strides to the door, opens it, calls out in Japanese. Two Soldiers come in. They carry bamboo rods. The Colonel rises, preparing himself. The Soldiers close in on him.

DISSOLVE TO:

279. EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT. It is dark, except for a light from Saito's house.

280. EXT. SAITO'S HOUSE. A sleepy Japanese Sentry leans against the doorway. He is taken by surprise when the door opens, and Saito emerges, obviously drunk, and carrying a whiskey bottle. The Sentry is awkward in coming to attention. Saito slaps him. The Sentry takes it stolidly. Saito starts down the steps. Near the bottom, he trips and falls headlong to the ground.

CONTINUED

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280. (cont.) The Sentry remains at attention, pretending he hasn't seen it. Saito picks himself up and glares at the Sentry, who stares into the distance. Unsteadily. Saito turns and weaves away from the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

281. EXT. PARADE GROUND - NIGHT. It is dark, all the lights in the prisoners' barracks out. Saito staggers into the parade ground. He uncorks the bottle, takes a long drink. Then, very deliberately, he takes his gun from the holster on his hip, raises it in the air, and empties it. Prisoners begin to emerge from the barracks. Saito puts back his gun, turns and walks unsteadily from the parade ground. The Prisoners watch him go in silence.

282. GROUP SHOT - Some Prisoners. They look at each other in disbelief, then continue to watch Saito as he goes.

DISSOLVE TO:

283. INT. CLIPTON'S SURGERY - DAY. He is honing a broken-bladed knife on a stone. Kanematsu comes in. He is wearing a different, less-informal uniform. Clipton sees him, but goes on with his work.

KANEMATSU
I've come to say goodbye, Doctor.

CLIPTON
Goodbye.

KANEMATSU
I wish you could believe that I am very sorry - for everything.

CLIPTON
Thanks.

Kanematsu brings out a small parcel.

KANEMATSU
I came across some quinine...It isn't much, but I should like you to have it - to remember me by.

Now Clipton is embarrassed. He hesitates, takes it.

CLIPTON
Thanks. It'll be very useful.

There is silence. Neither of them knows what to say.

CONTINUED

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283. (cont)

CLIPTON
(finally)
Did you hear the fireworks last night?

KANEMATSU
(ruefully)
Yes.

CLIPTON
He's mad, you know. Completely off his rocker.

KANEMATSU
They are both mad. The question is, which is the maddest?
(after a pause)
Good luck, Doctor.

He goes out. Clipton looks after him wryly.

284-285. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - DAY. CLOSE on Saito. He has an obvious hangover, and he is unshaven. He seems drained of all rage and tension, just a very tired and unhappy man, too desperate for pretence. Behind him, the date on the calendar is August 20th.

SAITO
Do you think I like to be harsh?

Now we see Clipton, sitting before the desk. He says nothing.

SAITO
(after a pause)
You think I enjoy being a commander of a prison camp? A jailer? It disgusts me...

Clipton remains silent.

SAITO
I am an educated man.

He rises and goes to the bookshelves.

SAITO
Come here.

Clipton comes over to him. Saito gets a book.

SAITO
The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven... William Shakespeare. Goodnight, goodnight, parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow....

CONTINUED

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283-
285.
Ctd.

SAITO (contd)
You like Shakespeare? Here, borrow it.

He forces the book into Clipton's hand.

SAITO
I lived in London three years.

CLIPTON
(surprised)
Oh, did you? Where?

SAITO
In Paddington.

CLIPTON
Did you like London?

SAITO
No. I had enemies. They ruined my career.

Helplessly, Clipton's eyes stray to the whiskey bottle on the table. Saito catches the look.

SAITO
(quickly)
That is why I drink, sometimes.

CLIPTON
Umm.

Saito frowns, turns away, paces. Clipton watches him. Saito turns to him suddenly.

SAITO
(quietly)
I am not responsible for this situation. I am just as much a victim as any of you.
(as he sees the look in Clipton's eyes)
It's true, listen. On the 18th of October, when the railroad is finished, there will be a celebration throughout Burma and Siam, and a special train will go from Bangkok to Rangoon. It will carry many high Japanese officers. That train must cross the River Kwai. If not -- come here ...

He leads Clipton to a cupboard, opens it, and reveals, neatly folded, a white ceremonial robe and on it a slender hari-kari dagger.

SAITO
If it does not, I will kill myself. I must ... You understand that?

Clipton nods.

SAITO
What would you do if you were in my position?

CONTINUED

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283-
285.
Ctd.

CLIPTON
That's hardly a fair question.

SAITO
Perhaps, but I have no wish to die. If I die, others will die too. Please tell this to your Colonel.

CLIPTON
I'll try. But you know by now he won't give in to force. Besides, the Geneva Convention --

SAITO
(wincing)
Please, please - no more Geneva Convention!..
(he loses his temper)
Your Colonel is insane! You are all insane!

Clipton remains discreetly silent. Saito pulls himself together. He is calm again, very matter of fact.

SAITO
Listen to me, Clipton. I have considered very seriously having your Colonel executed. It may yet happen. But you will tell him this. The slowing down will stop. The sabotage will stop. He will order it to stop. He will order the officers to work. If not, the hospital will be closed, and every patient will be sent to work. No doubt some will die but he will be responsible.... not me. I mean this.

Clipton stares at him, shocked. Saito returns his look, unmoved.

SAITO
Go. Tell him. Tell him now.

Clipton, stone-faced, starts to salute, then realises he is still holding a copy of Shakespeare. He puts it down on Saito's desk carefully, salutes and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

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286. INT. PRISON HUT - DAY. The door is open wide, admitting light. A guard can be seen standing outside. The Colonel is sitting on the floor, in the mud. Clipton is kneeling beside him, applying wet cotton wool to the Colonel's face. One of the Colonel's eyes is still swollen, almost shut. He looks ill. Clipton's fingers move carefully over the bruised face.

CLIPTON
(after a pause)
Well, sir?

NICHOLSON
Blackmail.

CLIPTON
Yes, I know, but he means it, I'm sure. You know these people. It's a question of face now, and he can't give in.

NICHOLSON
Savages. Don't know the meaning of the word civilisation.

CLIPTON
Exactly, but - well, sir, he's desperate. If he can't meet the date, he's finished. He's got nothing to lose, you see.

NICHOLSON
That man is the worst commanding officer I've ever seen, and I've been in the service for twenty-two years.

Clipton looks at him helplessly, then makes a final attempt.

CLIPTON
Sir, you can't stand much more of this...and wouldn't the officers be better off working than in filthy cells?...The men are doing a wonderful job of sabotage, but it's asking too much. And if he makes the sick men work, they'll die, literally ...

NICHOLSON
You don't understand, Clipton. It's a matter of principle. If we give in, there'll be no end to it. They'll know they can do anything with us...No.

CLIPTON
Colonel, we're lost in a jungle a thousand miles from nowhere, under the thumb of a madman. No one will ever know what happens to us. Give in, sir. Please...

NICHOLSON
No.

Clipton looks at him wearily and goes back to work on his face.

CUT TO:

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287. INT. HUT - DAY. The Old Woman is sitting on her mat, chewing thoughtfully. The hut is silent. She rises, waddles across the room and, with great difficulty, starts to climb up the rope ladder.

288. INT. LOFT - as the Old Woman pulls herself up through the trap and sprawls on the flooring, exhausted. Then, pushing herself to her feet, she looks around. The room is littered with crates and boxes, many of them empty. She rummages among the debris, and finds what she has been looking for, a bottle of whiskey. Content, she waddles back to the trap.

DISSOLVE TO:

289. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY. The trail is narrow, the going difficult. The Old Man is in the lead, moving with tired but proud assurance. The rest of the party is strung behind him. They are travel-stained and weary by now, bent under their loads. Shears, Joyce and Warden carry full packs, tommy guns and sacks filled with P.E. Yai is carrying P.E. and a hand mortar. The women carry similar sacks with P.E. and food. The sun filters through the close-growing trees. Gnats and mosquitoes make small clouds over their heads. They go on in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

290. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY - RAIN. The heavy tropical rain drums loudly through the dense tress. Bent and drenched under the downpour, the party struggles and slides along the slippery trail, ankle-deep in mud.

DISSOLVE TO:

291. EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY. Strung out behind the Old Man, the party is trudging along the high, steep bank. Below, the swollen river races over its rocky bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

292. EXT. RIVER - DAY. It boils over savage-looking rocks. A giant log has fallen from one bank to the other, and the party are crawling in single file along it. Far below, the river churns over the jagged rocks.

293. EXT. RIVER BANK - as Shears reaches the end of the log and climbs down to the bank, followed by Warden. Together, they help some of the others down, The Old Man, the Boy, one of the Girls, Ladda, the Amazon. She gives Shears a wide, black-toothed smile. He winces, turns to one of the other Girls.

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294. EXT. RIVER - THE LOG. Joyce is the last on the log, crawling behind Yai. He goes slowly, carefully, weighed down by his equipment, very conscious of the rocky waters below.

DISSOLVE TO:

295. EXT. BAMBOO THICKET - DAY. There is no trail. The bamboo is so thick that Yai and Warden are cutting a path with long native parangs. The Old Man comes behind them, and behind him the rest of the party, struggling through the enveloping bamboo. The Old Man stops suddenly, calling out in Siamese to Yai. Warden and Yai stop. The rest of the party straggle to a halt. The Old Man peers around, tense and concentrated. Shears threshes his way up to the front of the group, looks at the Old Man, then at Warden. Warden shrugs. Now the Old Man comes to a decision. He waves energetically at right angles to the path they are making, changing their direction. Warden looks at Shears, who now shrugs himself. They are in his hands. But Yai is already swinging the parang in the new direction, and Warden joins him.

DISSOLVE TO:

296. EXT. FIRST JUNGLE CAMP - DUSK. The Amazon and two of the Girls are building a low atap shelter. Ladda and the others are making a fire, preparing cooking utensils.

297. ANOTHER ANGLE. Some distance away, Yai, Warden and Joyce are making another shelter, Joyce working somewhat awkwardly in comparison to the others. The Old Man, very weary, is resting against a tree.

298. EXT. BRUSH. Shears and the Boy are crawling through the brush. They reach the edge of a relatively clear space. Shears stops. The Boy stops, watching him, wide-eyed. Shears takes a small piece of bamboo from his pocket, oddly split, and puts it to his lips. He blows it. It makes a piercing scream. The Boy watches him, fascinated. Shears does it again.

299. EXT. JUNGLE - MED. LONG SHOT - a kijang, or barking deer. It stands listening to the distant scream, then answers with a barking sound like that of a dog. Again there is the distant scream from Shears' bamboo whistle, and the kijang replies. It begins to move warily toward the sound.

300. EXT. BRUSH - where Shears and the Boy are crouching. Shears makes the high-pitched call again, waits, does it again. The Boy watches, breathless. They peer into the dusk, see nothing. Then they hear the dog-like barking, muted by distance. Shears makes the noise again.

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301. EXT. JUNGLE - on the kijang, as it moves erratically and cautiously in the direction of Shears' lure, replying to it with its own bark.

302. EXT. BRUSH. Shears and the Boy listen, straining their eyes in the dusk. They hear the barking, coming closer now. Shears gives the bamboo to the delighted Boy, and takes his pistol out of his holster. The Boy puts the bamboo to his lips, blows. The kijang barks in reply, and then suddenly comes into view. Pop-eyed with excitement, the Boy continues to blow. Shears steadies his gun, waits for the deer to come into range, fires. It leaps into the air, and tumbles to the ground. Shears and the Boy rise and hurry toward it.

303. TRUCK SHOT - with Shears and the Boy, the Boy looking up at Shears in outright worship. Shears, looking down, sees the expression on his face, and gives him a friendly shove. The Boy loves it.

DISSOLVE TO:

304. EXT. FIRST JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT. Yai's Wife is cooking, the Amazon cutting up the carcass of the kijang.

305. EXT. CLEARING - MEN'S PART. The men are sitting on the ground, eating. The Boy is with them, proud in his new status. The Girls move gracefully among the men, refilling their bowls from larger ones. Ladda comes to Joyce, stoops over him to serve him. Their eyes meet. Joyce self-consciously smiles his thanks. She looks away shyly.

DISSOLVE TO:

306. EXT. FIRST JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT. The women are sitting by their fire, talking quietly. The men sit silently around their own fire. Yai and the Old Man are contentedly smoking water pipes, Shears a cigar. The Boy is asleep, his head in Yai's lap. Warden is writing in his diary. Joyce is tinkering with the radio. The fires throw shadows against the encircling trees. Shears looks over at the Old Man, smiles.

SHEARS
(to Warden)
The old cocker may get us there at that.

WARDEN
Let us pray.
(he stretches, sighing)
Any idea how far we've come, Joyce?

JOYCE
(smiling)
You mean how far we've walked, or how far we've come?

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CONTINUED

306. (cont.)

WARDEN
Ah, very good. Aren't you proud of him,Sam?

SHEARS
(non-committally)
Sure.
(he looks over at Joyce and the radio)
Still not working?

JOYCE
No.

SHEARS
They never do...

They lapse into silence. Across the clearing, one of the Girls begins to sing softly, and the others pick it up.

WARDEN
(regretfully)
Pity, but they'd better not.

He speaks in Siamese to Yai, who calls out to the Women. They stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

307. EXT. FIRST JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT. The fires are almost out. None of the party are visible.

308. INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER. They are asleep.

309. INT. MEN'S SHELTER. They are all asleep but Joyce, who has shielded the glow of his torch with some large leaves and is still working on the radio, which he has taken apart. Warden wakes. He sees Joyce and what he is doing. He smiles, turns away quietly and goes back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

310. EXT. RIDGE - DAY. The party are climbing toward the top of the ridge, which is covered with a blanket of rhododendron in flower and so thick that their feet do not touch the ground. They climb in a sea of colour, seeming to wade in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

311. EXT. STEEP HILLSIDE - DAY - so steep that it is almost perpendicular. The men are spread out at intervals along the slope, almost passing the women from one to another as they crawl up the trail. Shears finds himself looking into the Amazon's sweating but good-humoured face. He helps her on quickly. Joyce, turning from helping one of the girls, reaches out for Ladda. As their hands cling, their eyes meet.

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311. (cont.) They are very much aware of each other. Then Joyce helps her by, and turns for the next woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

312. LONG SHOT - EXT. TOP OF RIDGE - DAY - on the party, strung out along the top of the ridge. Past them, as they trudge in single file, there are more hills as far as the eye can see.

DISSOLVE TO:

313. EXT. THICKET - DAY. Warden and Shears are cutting a path through the thick brush, the others strung out behind them. They are moving downhill now.

DISSOLVE TO:

314. EXT. MANGROVE SWAMP - DAY. The party is wading through the thick ooze of the swamp, moving between the tentacle-like roots of the mangrove trees. The going is treacherous, the mud chest-deep for the men, higher for the women, seeming alive with a hidden, menacing life of its own. In the gloom, occasional birds swoop over them from one mangrove to another, their raucous cries seeming angrily ominous. They slog on, weary and revolted by the fetid sea of mud that clings to them. Even the Amazon has lost her smile. The Boy is clinging to Shears' shoulder. Joyce becomes aware of a leech on his chest. With his free hand he opens his shirt, and sees the bloated blood-sucker fastened to his flesh. Revolted, he tries to pull it off. There is an o.s. sound like a log falling into the mud, followed immediately by an outburst of roaring and hissing. They stop, startled, and stare o.s.

315. FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - they see two giant crocodiles threshing the mud in violent combat, the great distended jaws, the monster talons. Their roaring, grinding hissing fills the sound track.

316. GROUP SHOT - as everyone sees the crocodiles. The sound of the struggle comes over.

317. FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW. The crocodiles stop their play or combat, turn and begin to swim toward the CAMERA.

318. GROUP SHOT. They are frightened. The Old Man recovers first, motions them toward a large mangrove. They follow him, weaving drunkenly in the clinging ooze, and crawl under the roots of the mangrove. The giant roots come down around them like the bars of a cage, but the gaps between offer no protection.

319. FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - toward the crocodiles plowing through the mud toward the CAMERA.

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320. GROUP SHOT - under the mangrove tree. Very carefully, breathlessly, the men free their tommy guns. Everyone is frozen with fear. The sound of the approaching crocodiles grows louder.

321. ANOTHER ANGLE - as the crocodiles approach and swim slowly past the tree, disappearing into the gloom.

322. GROUP SHOT - under the mangrove tree. Unmoving, they follow the o.s. crocs with their eyes. Gradually, the sound of the crocodiles fades. They look at each other, and begin to breathe again. Then Shears and Warden begin to crawl out from under the roots, and the others follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

323. EXT. SECOND JUNGLE CAMP - DUSK. The women have obviously stripped themselves naked in order to remove the swamp leeches from their bodies. Now Yai's Wife, the Amazon, and one of the Girls are winding their sarongs about themselves. Ladda and the other Girls are sitting on the ground, lightly covered, using the glowing ends of burning twigs to force the leeches from their legs and arms.

324-326. ANOTHER ANGLE - MEN'S PART. The Men, stripped as far as possible, are using the same system. Shears has lit a cigar and is using it in place of a twig.

SHEARS
(to Joyce)
Ever see leeches like these?

JOYCE
(revolted)
Horrible.

SHEARS
I'm going to take some back with me and put them in a sideshow - monsters of the deep.

Yai's Wife enters the shot with a burning twig, goes to him, kneels beside him and starts burning the loathsome suckers from his back.

SHEARS
You've got to hand it to these boys. They know how to live.

He starts to take a puff from his cigar, then stops, horrified. The Amazon is bearing down on him jovially, followed by the other Girls, all with glowing twigs. She is obviously the ringleader, and she urges them on. Before Shears can move, she has squatted down beside him, pulling one of the Girls down with her and directing the others toward Joyce and Warden. She grabs Shears firmly by the ankle. He tries to get up, but she shoves him down, sits on him, and goes to work. Two of the other Girls are now kneeling beside Warden.

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324-
326
(cont.)

WARDEN
Please, ladies. It's terribly sweet but not at all necessary.

The Amazon, looking over, over-rides him loudly. Giggling, the Girls go to work on him. Ladda, alone, stands before Joyce hesitantly. Looking up at her, conscious of his near-nakedness, Joyce is equally as embarrassed.

JOYCE
Thanks very much, but never mind --

The words are meaningless to her, but she senses that he is as embarrassed and shy as she is. She smiles suddenly, and drops gracefully to her knees beside him. Her small hands are gentle on his bare skin. Yai, the Old Man and the Boy are looking on, amused by the self-consciousness of the white men. Shears looks up dubiously at the Amazon.

SHEARS
Tell me, why do I fascinate you?

She grins at him. He cringes.

DISSOLVE TO:

327. EXT. SECOND JUNGLE CAMP - NIGHT. The men are resting. In the b.g., the women are preparing to go to sleep in their shelter. Joyce is tinkering with the radio again. It shows no signs of life. Shears leans over to him.

SHEARS
Let me see that...
(as Joyce gives it to him)
If I can't get this thing working, you might as well throw it away.

He holds it in one hand, and slaps it hard with the other. It crackles with sudden life. Despite himself, Joyce's face falls.

SHEARS
(complacently)
See what I mean?

He turns a dial. The set goes dead again. He twiddles the dials a few times, then, frowning, slaps the set again, and then again, harder. It remains dead.

SHEARS
It's like I said - throw it away.

He gives it back to Joyce, and lies down.

DISSOLVE TO:

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328-329. EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - MED.LONG SHOT - DAY. The Women are bathing in a sheltered pool. They are gay, relaxed. Their washed clothing dries on the bank. CAMERA PANS across a bend in the stream to another pool, where the men are washing. Joyce, Warden and Yai are in the water. On the bank, the Old Man and Shears are shaving, the Old Man plucking out each hair singly, Siamese style. But the Boy has eyes only for Shears and his razor. He watches him, fascinated.

330. EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL. A Japanese N.C.O. comes down the trail, armed. He is followed by ten more Jap Soldiers, armed but at ease, talking among themselves. They move toward the stream. The Sergeant, hearing the o.s. voices of the women, stops, puzzled, then goes forward carefully, his burp gun ready.

331. EXT. BANK - as the Sergeant comes to the bank, and sees the women in the water. They do not see him. Grinning, he turns and waves to the rest of the patrol.

332. EXT. STREAM - where the men are washing and shaving. Warden is putting on his trousers, and Joyce is wading toward the bank.. They all freeze as they hear the o.s. voice of the Amazon, raised in anger, then the o.s. voices of some of the Jap soldiers.

333. EXT. STREAM - WOMEN'S POOL. They are huddled together as far from the bank as they can stand, grouped around the outraged Amazon. On the bank, the Jap soldiers are enjoying themselves hugely, waving and calling to them. The Amazon is shouting angrily and loudly back, actually warning the men on the other side. To the amusement of his buddies, one of the Jap Soldiers crawls down the bank, and snatches up some of the clothing there.

334. EXT. STREAM - MEN'S PART. Shears, who is only half-shaved, and Warden have already grabbed their tommy guns and are starting to crawl stealthily up the bank. Joyce, tense, is struggling into his trousers. He gets them on, snatches his tommy gun, and starts after them.

335. EXT. BANK - on Shears and Warden crawling through the brush, the voices and laughter of the Japs OVER the shot. Joyce, very excited, crawls after them. Shears and Warden reach the top of the bank, peer through the under-brush.

336. EXT. BANK - from their point of view. The Jap Soldiers are laughing and calling to the women in the water. The Soldier who has collected their clothes is passing them around.

337. EXT. BRUSH - as Joyce crawls up beside Shears and Warden and sees what they see. Shears and Warden look at each other, and know what they have to do. They set their tommy guns. Joyce starts to follow suit. Warden and Shears begin to fire simultaneously.

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338. EXT. BANK - as the Japs go down under the hail of bullets.

339. EXT. BRUSH. Shears and Warden continue firing. Joyce finally gets his gun going, just as they stop, get to their feet, and charge the bank. Startled, he follows them.

340. EXT. BANK. All but one of the Japs are crumpled on the bank. One man, wounded, is staggering away toward the brush. Shears, Warden and Joyce run into the shot. Shears takes after the wounded Jap who disappears into the brush. Warden goes toward the men on the ground. Joyce hesitates, follows him.

341. EXT. BRUSH. Shears moves carefully into the brush, searching for the wounded Jap. He sees a drop of blood in the tall grass, then another, follows the trail warily. He disappears into the brush.

342. EXT. BANK. Yai, the Old Man and the Boy are staring down at the bodies of the Japs. Warden turns away, nods to Joyce, and starts back along the trail. Joyce hurries after him, pale with reaction. The CAMERA goes with them. They go into the brush.

343. EXT. BRUSH - as Warden and Joyce search for Shears. They come upon him suddenly, and see him bending over the body of the wounded Jap soldier, his knife out of its scabbard. His hand comes up and then the blade flashes down.

344. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - staring at Shears, o.s. There is a strangled, bubbling groan, then silence. Joyce looks on, fascinated and revolted.

345. EXT. BRUSH. Shears rises, reaches for some leaves, starts to wipe his knife, turns and sees them. He goes toward them. He looks at Warden, and then his eyes meet Joyce's. Their look holds. Shears meets the shock in Joyce's face with tired, almost contemptuous, challenge. Then he turns away, his hand going unconsciously to the remnants of stubble on his face. He remembers.

SHEARS
I can finish shaving now...

He and Warden start back toward the trail. Joyce pulls himself together and goes with them, still looking at Shears in wonder and self-doubt.

CUT TO:

346. CLOSEUP - SAITO'S CALENDAR - with the date reading August 26th. It is SUPERIMPOSED OVER:

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347. INT. PRISON HUT - NIGHT. Colonel Nicholson is lying on the ground, asleep. The Smiling Face FADES. There is a sound like thunder in the distance. The Colonel sits up, dazed.

348. EXT. RIVER - FIRST BRIDGE SITE. A dozen huge logs are rolling down the hillside toward the bridge site, crashing through the undergrowth and carrying everything in their way.

349. EXT. RIVER BANK - FIRST BRIDGE SITE. A startled Japanese Sentry is staring up at the grinding mass of logs. Then, coming to, he runs for his life.

350. ANOTHER ANGLE - as the logs crash down to the bank, strike and demolish the embankment and plunge into the river.

DISSOLVE TO:

351. EXT. PARADE GROUND - NIGHT. Two Japanese trucks, filled with soldiers, rumble into the parade ground. At the same time, floodlights go on. They reveal that the barracks and the parade ground are now ringed by a high steel fence. Jap Sentries swing the gates shut behind the trucks. Prisoners appear at the sides of the barrack huts. The trucks screech to a stop, and the soldiers jump down. Saito, grim, climbs down from the cab of one of the trucks. The Soldiers run toward the barracks, yelling in Japanese and English for everyone to come out. Prisoners begin to stream out of the huts.

352. EXT. BRUSH - near the steel fence. Baker and another Prisoner, BARNETT, are crawling toward the fence. Beyond the fence, the floodlighted parade ground can be seen, and the yelling of the Japanese Soldiers heard. The two men reach the fence, pull away a mass of matted creepers to reveal a hole dug under the fence. They start to crawl through.

353. REVERSE - as first Baker and then Barnett snake under the fence, Baker, turning, is horrified to see Barnett apparently stuck. Barnett, agonized, realizes his loin cloth has been caught on the wire. He fumbles with it awkwardly in the darkness. Baker grabs him, and hauls. The cloth gives way. Barnet comes through, clutching the torn loin cloth to him. Baker pulls the creeper mat back under the fence, and they turn and crawl toward the nearest barracks hut.

354. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The Prisoners, taking their time, are falling in under the prodding of the shouting Jap Soldiers. Saito stands in the middle of the parade ground, waiting.

355. EXT. BARRACKS HUT - as Baker and Barnett crawl quickly toward the parade ground, Barnett having trouble with his loin cloth.

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356. INT. BARRACKS HUT. A Japanese Sentry comes in, flashing his torch as he strides through the middle of the hut.

357. EXT. BARRACKS - where Baker and Barnett are pressed to the ground. From the open sides of the hut, the flashing beams of the torch pass over them, and the footsteps of the Sentry sound very close.

358. INT. BARRACKS HUT. The Sentry turns and goes out.

359. EXT. FRONT OF BARRACKS - where the Prisoners are now forming into line. The Sentry comes out of the barracks and goes toward the next hut.

360. EXT. SIDE OF BARRACKS. Baker and Barnett start crawling toward the front again. They reach the end of the hut, pause to reconnoitre the open space between the hut and the formation before it, then launch themselves across the space in a long dive. As they hit the ground, they grab for each other and begin to hit each other, as if fighting.

361. EXT. FRONT OF BARRACKS - as the Prisoners in formation see them and realize what is happening. Two Prisoners immediately begin another mock fight. Baker and Barnett are rolling on the ground. The other Prisoners throw themselves on them, as if to separate them. Two Japanese Soldiers run into the shot, yelling. Baker and Barnett and two other Prisoners allow themselves to be parted. Everyone starts to fall in.

362. FULL SHOT - EXT. PARADE GROUND. Prisoners before the other barracks huts are already answering the roll. Japanese Soldiers stand by each formation, closely watching each Corporal in charge and checking the roll sheet. Saito stands waiting in the centre of the parade ground.

363-364. EXT. BAKER-BARNETT BARRACKS. The Corporal is calling the roll, flanked by two Japanese Soldiers.

CORPORAL
Archer --

ARCHER
Here, Corporal.

CORPORAL
Ashton --

ASHTON
Here, Corporal.

CORPORAL
Baker --

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363.-
364. (cont.)

BAKER
Here, Corporal.

CORPORAL
Barnett --

BARNETT
Here, Corporal.

They look at each other.

CORPORAL
(over)
Belden --

365. EXT. ANOTHER BARRACKS HUT - as the Corporal turns and calls out.

CORPORAL
All present and accounted for!

366. EXT. ANOTHER BARRACKS HUT - the roll call finished.

CORPORAL
All present and accounted for!

367. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO - furious. Over him:

VOICES
All present and accounted for! ...
All present and accounted for! ...
All present and accounted for! ...

DISSOLVE TO:

368. CLOSE SHOT - LOOMIS - NIGHT. He is peering into the darkness.

369. EXT. TRACK EMBANKMENT - NEAR FIRST BRIDGE SITE. Loomis is a lookout. Behind him, Grogan and some other Prisoners are dislodging a section of track with crowbars. They work silently, feverishly. The section comes loose. They carry it to the edge of the bank, swing it two or three times, and then send it flying into the river. Even before it splashes, they are running.

370. EXT. RIVER BANK. Two Japanese Sentries run into the shot, hear the o.s. sound of the running men, and fire into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

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371. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - DAWN. Saito, in full dress uniform as before, including gloves and sword, is pouring himself a drink. His hands tremble. He looks ill. He swallows half the glass at a gulp, shudders, and walks toward his desk. On the wall behind it, the goddess on the bearskin rug smiles her empty smile at him. The date is August 27th. Saito, starting to finish his drink, looks at the calendar. In sudden, sick fury, he dashes the whiskey in his glass against the calendar. It splatters over the girl on the bearskin rug, and drips down. Unperturbed, she smiles on.

DISSOLVE TO:

372. EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING - CLOSE ON SAITO. He looks sick.

SAITO
British soldiers --

He stops, the words sour in his mouth.

373. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The scene is much as in the first assembly. The Prisoners are drawn up before their barracks huts; a truck is in the middle of the parade ground; Saito is on his table with Miura nearby; there are some armed Jap Soldiers but this time they do not look threatening; and a half dozen Jap Officers. Only the British Officers are missing.

SAITO
British soldiers --

374. MED. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO - forcing himself to go on.

SAITO
Today I thank you for your magnificent work until now ...

375. GROUP SHOT - FAVOURING LOOMIS AND GROGAN - as they listen in sheer amazement.

SAITO'S VOICE (OVER)
Truly, you have proved that you are fine workmen.

They nod in agreement.

376. SAITO - as he goes on.

SAITO
Unfortunately, a few of you have not co-operated in this fine work. It has been necessary to punish them...

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377. GROUP SHOT - FAVOURING BAKER AND BARNETT

SAITO'S VOICE (OVER)
I hope they now realize how foolish they have been.

They nod gravely.

378. EXT. PARADE GROUND - as the Prisoners listen

SAITO
But I am sorry for you British soldiers who have worked so hard for your true Japanese friends and protectors. You have been betrayed by your officers...

379. GROUP SHOT - FAVOURING LOOMIS AND GROGAN - as they hear:

SAITO'S VOICE (OVER)
Who have refused to help you. They are bad officers. An officer must be a father to his men, loyal and true. Your own officers despise you. They hate you.

380. GROUP SHOT - OTHER PRISONERS - as they listen without expression.

381. SAITO - as he goes on.

SAITO
Now, you have done well. You must continue. You must prove how good workmen you are, and finish the bridge in time.

382. GROUP SHOT - FAVOURING BAKER AND BARNETT - as they hear:

SAITO'S VOICE (OVER)
Do not let any false comrades delay this work and disgrace you...Tell me who they are. They will die...

383. GROUP SHOT - FAVOURING LOOMIS AND GROGAN - as they hear:

SAITO'S VOICE (OVER)
But the Japanese Army loves you who are loyal. I have nice presents for you all, and I will give you many more...

384. SAITO - as he goes on.

SAITO
Together we will go forward in this great work, and in time to come the people will say, oh, what fine soldiers are the British.

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384. SAITO (contd.)
(cont). who have made this wonderful bridge.

He stops, exhausted.

385. MED. CLOSE SHOT - MIURA. He claps enthusiastically.

386. GROUP SHOT - JAPANESE OFFICERS - as they join in the applause.

387. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The only applause is coming from the Japanese Officers.

388. GROUP SHOT - PRISONERS - as they look on gravely.

389. SAITO - as the applause dies disjointedly.

SAITO
We will now have a salute to the memory of your brave comrades who have given their lives that this great work might go on.

He turns and gives an order in Japanese.

390. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The Jap Soldiers raise their rifles and fire a salute.

391. GROUP SHOT - PRISONERS - their faces expressionless.

392. SAITO - as he looks around uncertainly.

SAITO
Now give the presents.

He realizes he has spoken in English and repeats the order in Japanese.

393. WIDER ANGLE - as some of the Soldiers let down the back of the truck, revealing that it is filled with cartons. They start to unload these.

394. ANOTHER ANGLE - PRISONERS. They begin to drift slowly toward the truck.

395. MED.SHOT - at truck, where the Jap Soldiers are tearing open the cartons and taking out small parcels. The first of the Prisoners enter the shot as the queue forms. The parcels are handed out. Loomis and Grogan enter the shot, get their parcels move away from the truck, the CAMERA GOING with them. They examine the parcels.

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395. (cont.)

LOOMIS
Red Cross parcels. What cheek...

GROGAN
Together we will go forward in this great work.

They tear them open.

396. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO - as he looks on, wondering if he has put it over.

DISSOLVE TO:

397. EXT. RIVER BANK - FIRST BRIDGE SITE - DAY - MED.CLOSE SHOT - SAITO AND MIURA. They are looking o.s. with satisfaction. Over them, the SOUND of the pile driver and the VOICES of the Prisoners at work.

398. EXT. FIRST BRIDGE SITE. The scene is one of industry and application, although the two new piles are even more out of line with the others. The Prisoners on the embankment seem to be working with great enthusiasm and the team operating the pile-driver have never seemed to work so hard or so efficiently. Like a well-oiled machine, they haul and drop under the shouted encouragement of a British Sergeant.

399. SAITO AND MIURA - as they look on, surprised and pleased.

400. EXT. PILE-DRIVER SCAFFOLD. Once more the pile comes up, then drops heavily. Once more the men haul it up. The rope breaks clean. The pile-driver comes loose, splashes into the water and disappears on its way to the bottom. The Prisoners on the scaffold fall like nine-pins, some into the water. The scaffolding itself, sways and turns over, throwing the rest of the men into the river.

401. CLOSEUP - PILE-DRIVER ROPE. It has been carefully cut almost all the way through and the rope end dangles in mid-air.

402. CLOSE SHOT - SAITO - dazed by the disaster.

DISSOLVE TO:

403. CLOSE SHOT - COL. NICHOLSON. He is seated in a chair, looking expectantly o.s. He is gaunt and holbw-eyed, but in complete command of himself. There is the SOUND of glass against glass, and as the CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that we are in Saito's office, and that Saito, with somewhat shaky fingers, is pouring two glasses of whiskey. He brings it to the Colonel, and sets it down before him. As before, the Colonel ignores it.

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CONTINUED

403. (cont).

SAITO
(finally)
You know what is the date today, Colonel?

NICHOLSON
I'm afraid I've lost count.

SAITO
It is the 29th of August.

NICHOLSON
Oh?

SAITO
It is the anniversary of our victory over Russia in 1905.

The Colonel nods politely.

NICHOLSON
Oh, yes.

Saito looks at him bleakly, turns away, turns back to him again. He surrenders.

SAITO
Throughout East Asia, we are celebrating this date. In honour of this occasion, I am declaring a general amnesty. You and your fellow officers may return to your quarters.

Again, the Colonel nods politely.

Unconsciously, Saito sighs heavily, and goes on.

SAITO
As part of this amnesty, in future it will not be necessary for officers to do manual labour...

There is a long pause. Then Colonel Nicholson suddenly realizes he has won.

SAITO
(quickly)
In return, I will hold you to your promise to do all things possible to finish the bridge in time!

NICHOLSON
It goes without saying that in any civilized army the officers are responsible for the conduct of their men.

SAITO
(desperately)
The bridge must be finished in time!

CONTINUED

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403. (cont).

NICHOLSON
I can assure you that we'll do our best.

He leans back in his chair, very tired but relaxed.

NICHOLSON
But first I should like two days of complete rest for myself and the other officers.

SAITO
(startled)
Two days!

NICHOLSON
It's an absolute minimum if we're to recover our strength. Besides, in view of the completely unjustified nature of our imprisonment, I'm afraid I must insist....

Saito glares at him helplessly, then gives in.

SAITO
Very well. A day of rest.

NICHOLSON
Two days...

Now, as if for the first time, he sees the whiskey glass on the table.

NICHOLSON
Oh, thank you.

He picks it up and drinks it slowly, savouring it.

DISSOLVE TO:

404. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - NIGHT. Saito, alone, has drunk himself into unconsciousness. He is in a chair, half sprawled across the table, his head resting on one outflung arm, the palm of his hand open and upward in a curious appearance of defeat and supplication. On the wall behind him the girl on the bearskin rug smiles through her veil of whiskey stains.

DISSOLVE TO:

405. EXT EMBANKMENT - DAY. Both the Colonel and Hughes, although thin, look rested. Hughes' beard has grown splendidly. He is smiling now, but the Colonel looks bleak, as they look o.s.

406. EXT. TRACK - from their point of view. It is far from level, and from their perspective there are several perceptible dips.

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407. EXT. EMBANKMENT - as they study it.

HUGHES
Somebody deserves a medal, sir...

NICHOLSON
(non-commital)
Umm.

He turns and starts away. Grinning, Hughes follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

408. EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY. Two British Prisoners, dirty and unshaven, are asleep in the shade of a tree. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Colonel and Hughes. Hughes is amused, the Colonel thoughtful. He clears his throat loudly. One of the men opens his eyes, stares, focuses, comes to. He jabs the other man, and jumps up. The second man wakens, sees the Colonel, gets up quickly. The Colonel continues to look at them gravely. They look at each other, embarrassed, then salute simultaneously.

PRISONER
Well, sir, back to work...

The Colonel remains silent. They hurry away. Hughes chuckles. The Colonel looks after them thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

409. EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY. A squad of Prisoners under a tattered and unshaven British Corporal are clearing the ground in the path of the embankment, moving stones and tree-roots. But instead of throwing the roots and rocks down-hill into the river, they are languidly throwing them up-hill, from where they gradually roll back again. The Colonel and Hughes enter the shot. The Colonel looks on silently for a moment.

NICHOLSON
(suddenly)
Corporal!

The surprised Corporal springs to attention.

CORPORAL
Sir!

NICHOLSON
How many men are there in your team?

CORPORAL
I really don't know, sir.

NICHOLSON
(sharply)
You don't know?

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CONTINUED

409. (contd.)

CORPORAL
Well, sir, twelve usually, but one of the men - one of the biggest and strongest, sir - took sick very sudden-like this morning ...
(he is winking furiously at the Colonel to make his meaning clear)
and it took three or four of the others to help him to hospital, sir. Oh, he was took terrible sick, sir.

NICHOLSON
(coldly)
A corporal should know exactly how many men he has under him at all times.

CORPORAL
(earnestly)
Yes, sir.

The Colonel turns and walks away from him, frowning. Hughes follows him, smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

410. EXT. FIRST BRIDGE SITE - DAY. The pile-driver crew is at work, not too hard.

411. EXT. RIVER BANK. Reeves, amused, is looking on. The Colonel, grim-faced, comes into the scene, with Hughes behind him. Reeves salutes.

REEVES
(grinning)
Morning, sir. There's something I must tell you about these piles they're driving...

NICHOLSON
(cutting him off)
Later, Reeves, later. I want you and Hughes to get all the officers together. I'll need you two as well. Come along.

He turns and strides out of scene. Reeves looks at Hughes wonderingly. Hughes shrugs in equal mystification. They hurry after the Colonel.

DISSOLVE TO:

412-415 INT. OFFICERS' HUT - DAY. It is crowded with all the Officers, including Clipton.

NICHOLSON
Gentlemen, we're facing a serious situation. I may say I've seen nothing like it in my entire career...

CONTINUED

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412-
415
(contd.) They listen soberly.

NICHOLSON
Gentlemen, an army without discipline is a danger to everyone, including itself. Thanks to the Japanese, discipline has been destroyed in this camp. We don't command a battalion - we've got a rabble on our hands. And we've got to turn them into soldiers again...Fortunately, we have the means at hand - the bridge.

They are startled.

NICHOLSON
From today on, the troops will build that bridge, properly, efficiently, and on schedule. We'll see to it that they do.

HUGHES
Beg pardon, sir. You mean you want them to build this bridge for the Japs?

NICHOLSON
(earnestly)
Not for the Japs - for themselves. It's an absolute must. Never mind the Japs. Think of the men. You're officers - you of all men understand the relationship between discipline and morale.

CLIPTON
I should have thought the morale here was rather high, sir.

NICHOLSON
Thanks to the innate quality of the British soldier. But it's in great danger, I assure you. I know our chaps - you've got to keep them occupied.

CLIPTON
(sourly)
Be happy in your work...

NICHOLSON
Exactly! And we shouldn't hesitate to adopt a principle of the enemy's when it happens to be a good one. The fact is, if there wasn't any work for our chaps to do, I'd invent some for them. As it is, we've got the bridge.

The Officers digest this quietly.

NICHOLSON
(quietly)
And perhaps equally important, I want these savages whose prisoners we are to see how civilised men go about their

CONTINUED

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412-415 (contd.)

NICHOLSON (contd.)
business. It's a lesson they badly need.
(Briskly)
And so, gentlemen, I take it we're agreed. We build the bridge...

All the officers, with the exception of Clipton, are convinced.

REEVES
Well, sir, if that's the way things stand, there's something I'd better tell you about the bridge...

NICHOLSON
Proceed, Reeves, proceed.

DISSOLVE TO:

416. EXT. COMPOUND - DAY. The Colonel and Clipton, with Hughes and Reeves in step behind them, are striding briskly across the sun-baked compound to Saito's House. They are well turned out, a credit to the British Army. The Colonel, Hughes and Reeves carry papers or folders. They reach Saito's house and start up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

417-419. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - DAY. The Colonel , Hughes and Reeves standing at one end of the dining table, Saito and Miura at the other. Clipton has effaced himself in a corner. Saito looks unhappy. He senses trouble.

NICHOLSON
To begin with, Colonel, there's something I must tell you about the bridge.

SAITO
(suspicious)
Proceed, proceed.

NICHOLSON
Then I take it the meeting has come to order?

SAITO
Yes, yes!

Nicholson nods to Hughes and Reeves. They sit down and prepare their papers. Saito scowls, puzzled.

NICHOLSON
Well, sir, I regret to inform you that we feel the position of the bridge was fixed a little hastily, and, I'm sorry to say, incorrectly ...

CONTINUED

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417-
419
(contd.)

SAITO
(staggered)
Incorrectly?

NICHOLSON
Unfortunately, yes. Lack of experience, I'm afraid. You see, Captain Reeves here, who was formerly an engineer with the Public Works in India, has made a careful study of the site, and the river bottom there is too soft.

SAITO
(dazed)
Too soft?

NICHOLSON
Yes. Reeves, would you carry on?

REEVES
(rising)
Yes, sir. Colonel Saito, I've made tests, and these piles could be hammered till doomsday, and they never would reach bottom. It's an absolute swamp at that point. I should say that this bridge will collapse under the first train that crosses it.

Saito and Miura are staring at him in doubt, disbelief and dismay. In his corner, Clipton is looking on with mingled feelings.

REEVES
(reaching for his papers)
It's all here in black and white - the pressure-and-soil-resistance figures in tons per square inch. And there's just no doubt about it, as you can see.

Matter-of-factly, he places copies of his figures before Saito and Miura. Miura is in a dreadful state, and Saito is on the verge of going mad. He snatches the paper and glares at the meaningless jumble of figures. Finally, he puts it down and looks blankly at Miura. Miura is trying to read with eyes that refuse to focus, sweat pouring down his forehead. There is a dreadful silence in the room.

NICHOLSON
And, of course, if you'd like a demonstration, we've only to walk down to the river.

Saito, convinced himself, turns to Miura again. Miura, destroyed raises his head and admits in Japanese that he cannot make head or tails out of the figures. Saito turns purple. But he controls himself, turns and paces silently, almost pathetic in his helpless rage. He stops and faces the Colonel.

CONTINUED

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417-
419
(contd.)

SAITO
(hoarsely)
Lieutenant Miura agrees that he came to the same conclusion a few days ago.

NICHOLSON
(politely)
Oh, excellent. Well, sir, Reeves has found another position about a mile down river. It will mean additional track on one side, and considerably more work, but there's nothing for it, is there?

SAITO
(shattered)
The bridge must be finished in time...

NICHOLSON
(briskly)
We'll do our very best.

SAITO
Very best! Your soldiers are lazy! Japanese soldiers work hard!

NICHOLSON
(seriously)
I'm sure they do, under their own officers. I hope to show you the true worth of the British soldier quite soon, Colonel Saito. Incidentally, I've changed the work quota.

SAITO
(in pain and fury)
You changed it?

NICHOLSON
(calmly)
Yes, I've increased it...
(he turns to Reeves and Hughes)
Now then, what next?

Saito is staggered.

HUGHES
(brightly)
Sir.

NICHOLSON
Oh, yes... Man-hours...Now that we've changed the position of the bridge, obviously we've got to move the camp.

SAITO
Are you crazy? You are a crazy man! Why move the camp?

CONTINUED

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417-
419
(contd.)

NICHOLSON
(patiently)
Because otherwise the men will have to march an additional mile or more twice a day.

SAITO
And why can they not march one more mile? Why?

NICHOLSON
(patiently)
Major Hughes was an expert in personnel and man-management before the war. Hughes? ...

HUGHES
(rising)
Sir.
(he gets his papers ready)
I've worked it all out, gentlemen. The total number of man-hours spent on a daily march of two miles - each way, you see - is much greater than the time needed to build a new camp, adjacent to the bridge. The figures are all here...

He gives copies to Miura and Saito. Saito looks hopelessly at the paper in his hands.

NICHOLSON
(gently)
There's really no other way, is there, not if we're to finish the bridge by the 18th? Nevertheless, since we do face a time problem, I suggest that <u>your</u> soldiers build the new camp, thus leaving ours free to work on the bridge...

Saito looks up at him, dazed.

NICHOLSON
The savings in time will be simply tremendous -- not to mention the spirit of healthy competition that should develop. Are we agreed, sir?

Saito continues to stare at him, unable to speak.

NICHOLSON
Thank you. Now then, last and most important, we've worked out a general plan of administration --
(he indicates his own papers)
which I'd like you to study at your leisure. Briefly, I will take full responsibility for the bridge, which of course means full command. Captain Reeves will have direct charge of construction, and Major Hughes of manpower and attendant problems. Lieutenant Miura's cooperation will be welcome, of course. I take it you have no objection?

CONTINUED

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417-419 (contd.) Saito is gaping at him.

SAITO
No...No...

NICHOLSON
Jolly good.

In his corner, Clipton is looking at the Colonel with bemused respect. He clears his throat. Nicholson looks at him.

NICHOLSON
Oh yes. And while your men are at it, they'd better build a new hospital as well. Major Clipton has a few improvements to suggest, and - like the others - they can only result in helping the work along. Are we agreed?

SAITO
(vaguely)
Yes...Yes...

NICHOLSON
Good show. It's been an excellent meeting, Colonel, and I know it's going to have the desired results. I'll leave these plans with you now, and if you have any suggestions or questions, you can be sure they'll be given the most careful consideration.

He gives Saito the papers.

NICHOLSON
Gentlemen.

Clipton, Hughes and Reeves come to attention. Saito comes to.

SAITO
But can you finish the bridge in time?

NICHOLSON
(cheerfully)
Frankly, the concensus of opinion is that it's impossible. However, we'll give it a go.

Hughes leans over and whispers to him.

NICHOLSON
Oh?... Oh, I see. Colonel, Hughes here tells me he'll be needing a calendar. I wonder -- ?

Saito realizes they are referring to his own. A broken man, he waves Hughes over to it. Pleased, Hughes takes it down. The Colonel comes to attention again. They all salute, turn and go out. Saito and Miura stand there, holding their papers.

DISSOLVE TO:

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420. EXT. SAITO'S HOUSE - as the Colonel and the others come down the steps and turn into the compound. The CAMERA TRUCKS with them as they stride along. The Colonel's face is serene, but Clipton is prey to conflicting emotions.

CLIPTON
(finally)
I must say these people are stupid. If it weren't for us, they'd have built their bridge in a swamp, and their trains would have gone into the river.

NICHOLSON
No doubt about it.

Clipton studies him.

CLIPTON
(testing)
But we'll build them a proper bridge, won't we, sir?

NICHOLSON
We most certainly shall. We're going to be proud of this bridge, Clipton. Reeves tells me there's lumber in this jungle that can last for hundreds of years.

Clipton looks at him. There is no doubt but that he means it.

DISSOLVE TO:

421. EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING. The Prisoners are in formation before their barracks, looking curiously at the table in the centre of the area. Then Colonel Nicholson, followed by all the Officers, strides to the centre of the parade ground. He gets up on the table. As the troops see him, there is a burst of spontaneous applause. Despite himself, the Colonel is touched by the sincere if undisciplined demonstration of liking and respect. He smiles, puts up his hand.

NICHOLSON
Thank you.. Men, I have just assumed full responsibility for the building of the bridge. I want a good bridge, a proper bridge, and I want the deadline met. You will appreciate that I must have good reasons for such a decision...
(he pauses briefly)
Now then. Today you have a full holiday. Enjoy it. From tomorrow on, you'll show these people what British soldiers can do. I have the fullest confidence in you. Dismissed...

There is silence for a moment. Then someone starts a cheer for the Colonel, and, with a roar, they all pick it up.

CUT TO:

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422. EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY - GROUP SHOT - Shears, Joyce, Warden and the rest of the party, except for Yai, looking soberly and silently o.s. There is no sound except for the wind whistling through the rocks.

423. EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - from their point of view. The rocky trail they have been following ends in a high, blank wall of rock, without hand or foot-holds except for a platform of bamboo pegs stuck into a seam-like crevice at the base of the cliff wall. The narrow, two-foot walk made by the pegs follows the cliff out into space and disappears around the other side of the wall. Below it, there is a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into rocks and trees. Yai is moving slowly and carefully along the pegs, testing each peg with his foot before each step, and clinging to the barren rock wall with his fingertips.

424. EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - as the group watch him silently. Yai inches gingerly out into space, reaches the corner of the rock wall, turns it and disappears from view.

425. EXT. CLIFF - from the other side, as Yai comes round.

426. MED. LONG SHOT - of Yai's small figure, hugging the cliff wall and moving slowly toward the continuation of the downward trail. Below him, the ridge falls steeply toward the boulder-strewn valley.

427. EXT. CLIFF - as Yai, continuing to test each peg as he goes, negotiates the last few feet, and hops across to the trail. He sprawls on the ground for a moment.

428. EXT. RIDGE - on the waiting group.

YAI'S VOICE
(over)
Okay ---

They react to it. Shears starts forward.

429. EXT. CLIFF WALL - as Shears reaches it, takes the first step out, then another, his body pressed to the rock. He goes forward, testing each peg as he goes. Now, under his greater weight, the pegs creak and bend. He stops, hugging the rock, then starts forward again very slowly.

430. GROUP SHOT - as they watch him.

431. OVERHEAD SHOT - on Shears and past him down the steep, jagged drop.

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432. EXT. RIDGE - as the group watches Shears inching across the face of the cliff. He reaches the turning point, stands poised for a moment over nothingness, then makes the turn.

433. EXT. CLIFF - MED. LONG SHOT - on Shears moving spread-eagled around the rock.

434. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - on Yai, watching him.

435. EXT. CLIFF - on Shears, moving sideways along the cliff face. A peg creaks loudly, It sounds as if it is cracking. He stops.

436. CLOSE SHOT - Shears' legs on the swaying pegs. He starts again, slowly.

437. CLOSE SHOT - Shears' face, sweat dripping into his eyes, blinding him.

438. EXT. CLIFF - as Shears continues to move toward the trail, where Yai is watching. As he nears the trail, Yai moves swiftly and silently toward him. When Shears is within arm's length, he reaches out to him. Shears grasps his extended hand, looks around, orients himself, and jumps to the trail. They look at each other in silent understanding, as Shears gets his breath back.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

439. OVER HEAD SHOT - WARDEN - as he moves slowly around the cliff face.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

440. CLOSE SHOT - THE AMAZON - not grinning, as she inches around the rock.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

441. CLOSE SHOT - LADDA - very frightened, her body pressed against the rock wall.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

442. EXT. DOWN TRAIL. Everyone is there, tensely facing the cliff, except Joyce, one of the Old Man's Daughters and the Boy.

443. EXT. CLIFF WALL. The Boy is stepping along the pegs.

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444. CLOSE ON - Yai and his Wife, as they watch him.

445. CLOSE SHOT - The Boy, grinning with excitement.

446. CLOSE SHOT - Shears - as he watches him.

447. EXT. CLIFF - as the Boy begins to move faster.

448. CLOSE SHOT - Yai and his Wife, as they react. Yai's mouth opens. He shuts it again.

449. EXT. CLIFF - as the Boy steps lightly and quickly from peg to peg toward the trail.

450. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - as the Boy jumps to the trail and into Yai's grasp. Tense with relief and anger, Yai growls at him, but his Wife sweeps the boy into her arms. Safe there, the Boy grins up at Shears and Warden. They look at each other wryly, then Warden turns and calls.

WARDEN
Alright -- the girl..

451. EXT. RIDGE - where Joyce and the Girl are waiting. He nods to her. Afraid, she hesitates. He smiles at her encouragingly. She turns and moves slowly toward the cliff wall, reaches it, stops. She looks up at him wide-eyed with fear. Again Joyce nods and smiles. Shoulders drooping, looking small and forlorn, she turns to the cliff wall.

452. EXT. CLIFF WALL - as the Girl takes her first tentative steps, very frightened.

453. CLOSE ON Joyce, watching her, knowing that she is terribly afraid.

454. CLOSE SHOT - the Girl, pressed against the rock wall, tense with fear.

455. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - where the group waits. There is a hoarse grating screech in the air above them, and they are startled.

456. EXT. SKY - a bird wheels and swoops in the sky over the cliff.

457. EXT. RIDGE. Joyce is watching the Girl moving very slowly toward the turning point. She reaches it, moves out of view.

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458. EXT. CLIFF WALL - on the Girl, pressed to the rock. The wind whips at her hair and clothing. She is terribly afraid, trembling. She forces herself to move on, then stops helplessly, whimpering.

459. OVERHEAD SHOT - shooting past the Girl toward the drop below.

460. CLOSE SHOT - the Girl, unable to move.

461. TWO SHOT - the Old Man and her Sister, watching her, agonized.

462. TWO SHOT - Shears and Warden. They look at each other. Warden speaks softly in Siamese to the Old Man.

463. TWO SHOT - the Old Man and his Daughter. He reacts, hesitates, then calls out gently in Siamese.

464. CLOSE SHOT - the Girl, as she hears him. Still trembling, she starts to move again.

465. EXT. CLIFF - on the group watching, the Girl forcing herself along the pegs. Suddenly, there is a sharp cracking sound.

466. CLOSE SHOT - the GIRL'S feet. One of the pegs she is standing on has cracked.

467. CLOSEUP - The Girl, blind with terror. She screams.

468. EXT. CLIFF - as the Girl loses her balance, totters, her fingers scrabbling desperately at the hostile rock, then falls into space. Her flailing hands clutch and grasp a peg. For a moment she dangles in mid-air.

469. EXT. DOWN_TRAIL - THE GROUP. They are frozen. Then Shears, Warden and Yai start toward the cliff.

470. EXT. CLIFF. The Girl's weight pulls the peg loose. She screams again and plummets downward.

471. HIGH SHOT - shooting through the pegs, as the Girl's body plunges toward the rocks far below.

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472 EXT. DOWN-TRAIL THE GROUP. They are dazed. Then the Girl's Sister sinks to her knees. The Old Man stares blindly into space.

473. EXT. RIDGE - JOYCE - realising what has happened.

474. EXT. DOWN TRAIL. Warden and Shears pull themselves together. Warden speaks briefly in Siamese to Yai, who reacts quickly, organises his Wife and the Amazon. They move to the Old Man and his Daughter, and gently ease them away and down the trail. Shears and Warden watch them go.

475. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - from their point of view, on the little group moving slowly away from the bridge.

476. SHEARS AND WARDEN - as they turn away and face the problem of getting Joyce over.

WARDEN
Can he make it, with the weight he's carrying? I shouldn't think so. He'll have to jettison something.

SHEARS
Like what? We've already lost forty pounds of P.E. We can't afford any more. That we need more than we need him.

Warden nods, turns and calls.

WARDEN
Joyce --

477. EXT. RIDGE - JOYCE AS HE HEARS HIM.

JOYCE
Yes --?

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
Listen. Dump everything you're carrying except your tommy gun and the P.E. Do you understand?

OYCE
Yes, I understand ....
(then, startled)
Everything? The radio, too?

478. EXT. DOWN TRAIL. Warden and Shears look at each other. Shears is furious. Warden smiles grimly.

WARDEN
Yes! Especially the radio --!

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479. EXT. RIDGE - JOYCE - as he hears him, and starts to unload.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

480. EXT. CLIFF WALL - CLOSEUP - DAY - the gap in the pegs.

481. EXT. DOWN TRAIL. Shears and Warden are waiting.

482. EXT. RIDGE. Joyce has made a cairn of rocks and stones. Now he puts his pack and grenades into it, starts to put the radio in, hesitates, stops. He looks at the radio, then makes up his mind. He puts it aside, covers the rest with rocks, rises and adds the radio and the tommy gun to the load of explosive on his back. He goes toward the cliff edge.

JOYCE
(calling)
I'm ready --

483. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - SHEARS AND WARDEN - They react.

WARDEN
(calling)
Come ahead....

484. EXT. RIDGE. Joyce starts toward the cliff wall. The wind is stronger now. He reaches the edge, pauses, the wind ruffling his hair. He feels terribly alone. He makes sure his burdens are secure, then starts forward again. He takes his first step.

485. EXT. CLIFF WALL - as Joyce starts to move along the pegs. They sway and creak under him.

486. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE'S LEGS. The pegs bend and creak under his weight.

487. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - very conscious of the swaying pegs.

488. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - SHEARS AND WARDEN - as they wait tensely.

489. EXT. CLIFF - JOYCE - as he starts to make the turn, pressed against the rock face.

490. EXT. DOWN TRAIL. Shears and Warden are waiting. Joyce inches into view now.

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491. EXT. CLIFF - JOYCE. The radio strap slips from his shoulder and down his forearm, disturbing his balance. He jams himself against the rock. The radio dangles from his arm, swinging to and fro.

492. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - SHEARS AND WARDEN - as they see this. Shears almost snarls with rage.

493. EXT. CLIFF - JOYCE. The weight of the radio is dragging his hand from its precarious finger-hold. Slowly and with great difficulty, Joyce reaches across his body with his free arm, gets hold of the strap, and manages to pull the radio up over his shoulder again. Very tired, he rests his weight against the wall.

494. EXT. DOWN TRAIL - SHEARS AND WARDEN. They relax a little. Warden cannot help smiling wryly. He looks at Shears, and Shears gives in. He shakes his head, but he is smiling, too. They look out toward Joyce again. Shears is looking at Joyce with new awareness, a little puzzled, and with a dawning of respect.

495. EXT. CLIFF - JOYCE. He forces himself to go on.

496. EXT. CLIFF - CLOSEUP - The gap in the pegs.

497. EXT. CLIFF WALL -as Joyce continues to edge closer to the gap in the pegs.

498. TWO SHOT - SHEARS AND WARDEN - watching him.

WARDEN
(quietly)
Stop a moment - and don't look round ...

499. EXT. CLIFF - as Joyce hears this, reacts and stops, his body pressed to the rock and moving with the swaying of the pegs.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
Now listen to me.

Joyce hangs there obediently.

500. EXT. DOWN-TRAIL - SHEARS AND WARDEN.

WARDEN
We've lost a couple of pegs about two feet from you. I'll tell you when. Carry on, now ...

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501. EXT. CLIFF - JOYCE - as he hears this. He swallows, and starts to move again along the creaking pegs.

502. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE'S LEGS - as they reach the gap.

503. CLOSE SHOT - WARDEN.

WARDEN
(quietly)
Now ...

504. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he stops.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
Better look for yourself. Steady ...

Joyce looks down.

505. CLOSE SHOT - from Joyce's point of view through the gap.

506. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS - looking at Joyce, suddenly realising he is more concerned for Joyce than the P.E.

507. EXT. CLIFF - on Joyce, as he takes the long sideways step, clears the gap, teeters for a moment.

508. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS AND WARDEN - as they stand frozen.

509. EXT. DOWN-TRAIL - as Joyce recovers his balance, and continues with increasing speed along the pegs toward the trail. Shears and Warden move toward him. They reach for him, and pull him to the trail. They stand there, breathless, still in each other's grip. In a sense other than physical, they are all three closer to each other than they have ever been before. CAMERA PANS down the trail. In the distance, LADDA can be seen,. alone, watching.

510. CLOSE SHOT - LADDA. She turns now, and starts back down the trail.

DISSOLVE TO:

511. CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD MAN - NIGHT. There are tears on his withered cheeks. CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is kneeling before an improvised altar, laid for the ritual of the dead.

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512. EXT. THIRD CAMP. The Siamese are grouped around the Old Man. Some distance away, Shears, Joyce and Warden are sitting on the ground, watching, tommy guns within reach.

513. ANOTHER ANGLE. The Old Man conducts the funeral ceremony. The others make their responses. The Old Man claps his hands to summon the benevolent spirits.

DISSOLVE TO:

514. EXT. THIRD CAMP - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE AMAZON - as she claps her hands rhythmically. The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to include Yai's wife. She, too, is squatting cross-legged on the ground and clapping in rhythm. They are both smiling.

515. ANOTHER ANGLE. Ladda and the two other Girls are dancing, moving gracefully through the age-old figures of the funeral dance, their lips curved in smiles.

516. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD MAN - as he watches, red-eyed, but somehow managing something like a smile.

517. MED. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS, WARDEN AND JOYCE. Joyce is puzzled.

JOYCE
I've never seen smiles at a funeral before.

WARDEN
It's to show their respect for the dead. The Siamese believe the dead want the living to enjoy life while they can.

SHEARS
Ever been to an Irish wake?

518. MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE AMAZON AND YAI'S WIFE, as they keep time, enjoying the dancing.

519. MED. CLOSE SHOT - YAI AND THE BOY - watching the dancers.

520. CLOSE SHOT - THE OLD MAN - watching.

521. GROUP SHOT - THE DANCERS.

522. GROUP SHOT - SHEARS, JOYCE AND WARDEN, watching.

523. GROUP SHOT - THE DANCERS.

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524. CLOSE SHOT - LADDA, as she dances.

525. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he watches her.

DISSOLVE TO:

526. EXT. THIRD CAMP - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS.

SHEARS
(a little self-conscious)
It's twenty years since I've done this, so don't expect too much ...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is holding two improvised torches, flaming. He raises them in the air.

527. EXT. THIRD CAMP. Everyone is sitting on the ground around him, fascinated. He now proceeds to do a fire-eating act, rather creditably. The Amazon and the Boy are watching him in outright adoration. Shears blows a stream of fire into the night air.

SHEARS
Hot lips Sam, they used to call me, the warmest thing in town...

Joyce and Warden laugh out loud. Shears is encouraged. Nonchalantly, he lets one of the torches rest on his tongue for a moment, then removes it.

SHEARS
Let me see, what else did I used to say ... Oh, yes. Very handy around the house, ladies, and a positive delight on winter nights.

Joyce and Warden laugh. The others don't understand it, but they laugh too, from politeness and admiration.

SHEARS
Don't laugh. Who else do you know who can kiss his girl goodnight and bake a potato at the same time?

He brings the turn to a close with a final flourish, and blows out the torches. Joyce and Warden lead the applause. The Siamese join in happily. Shears takes his bow.

SHEARS
And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will next endeavour to entertain you --

He is cut off by a blast of dance music from the radio. He stops, startled. Joyce and Warden are thunderstruck, The music blares through the jungle night. Shears drops his torches and sinks to his knees. They all start crawling tensely toward the bellowing radio, afraid that the slightest jar may

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527. (Ctd) set it off again. They surround it. Shears and Warden on tenterhooks, watch nervously as Joyce slowly and carefully puts out his hand, and, as if handling nitro-glycerin, touches the dial and brings the volume down. They look at each other. Warden looks at his watch.

528. CLOSEUP - WARDEN'S WATCH. It is a quarter to nine.

DISSOLVE TO:

529. CLOSEUP - WARDEN'S WATCH. The time is nine-fifteen. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Warden, Shears and Joyce huddled about the radio, alive but silent. Warden and Joyce have pencils and paper. They are all looking at their watches. Now they look at each other, worried.

WARDEN
(grimly)
I make it 21.15 ...

SHEARS
They've probably given us up .... The jerks.

He lies down, disgusted. There is the sudden shrill beginning of a code signal. He jerks upright. Joyce and Warden start writing.

DISSOLVE TO:

530. TIGHT GROUP SHOT - around the radio, still chattering on. Warden and Shears are looking over Joyce's shoulder, watching him as he decodes. The signal dies.

WARDEN
(with quiet delight)
The morning of the 18th ... Troops, supplies and some very important personages ... Fancy that ...

SHEARS
I can just see that train. All decorated and everything, and everybody waving flags. I wouldn't want to miss it, would you, Freddie?

WARDEN
Heaven forbid.

SHEARS
(to Joyce)
Would you, kiddo?

His tone, for the first time, is matter-of-factly friendly, and Joyce is keenly aware of it, grateful and happy.

JOYCE
No. It'd be terrible....

They look at each other, smiling. CUT TO:

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531. CLOSEUP - THE GIRL ON THE CALENDAR - NIGHT. The date is September 12.

532. CLOSEUP - TATTERED SNAPSHOT. A woman in her early thirties, with a boy of ten and a girl of eight on either side of her, smiling self-consciously. CAMERA PULLS BACK. The snapshot is beside a stub of candle. We are in a barracks hut. Grogan and Loomis are lying side by side on the sleeping platform. Grogan is writing a letter with a stub of pencil by the light of the candle. Loomis' eyes are shut and he is shielding them from the guttering candle.

LOOMIS
Alan, please .....

GROGAN
In a minute.

533. INT. BARRACKS HUT. Now we see the sleeping men, lying close together. On the two platforms running the length of the hut. In the b.g., Grogan writes by the light of the candle-stub. Loomis rises on his elbow.

534. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LOOMIS AND GROGAN - as Loomis blows out the candle and lies down again.

LOOMIS
I'm tired. Lots to do tomorrow.

Philosophically, Grogan puts his pencil and paper and the snapshot away.

GROGAN
I'm tired, too.
(he lies down)
I must say, though, it's coming along nicely.

LOOMIS
Lovely .... Makes Miura's bridge look like...

He yawns hugely.

GROGAN
Surprised me. I didn't think Reeves knew enough to tie his shoe-laces....

He yawns. Loomis yawns again.

DISSOLVE TO:

535. EXT. RIVER - NEW BRIDGE SITE - DAY. The piles, in four razor-straight rows, march across the river in striking contrast to the indecisive double row of the old bridge. The piles have almost reached the opposite bank. The pile-driver crew is working swiftly. At the camp side, construction on the super-structure has already begun.

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536. EXT. HILLSIDE. Work teams are attacking trees with axes and saws, working with energy.

537. INT. CLIPTON'S NEW SURGERY - as the sound of chopping and sawing comes OVER. Clipton is bandaging Baker's forearm. In the b.g. sick Prisoners can be seen sitting or lying on the bamboo platforms running the length of the hospital.

CLIPTON
You'll keep it clean now, won't you?

BAKER
Right ... Been down to the bridge today, Doc?

CLIPTON
(dourly)
Yes.

BAKER
Going to be lovely, won't it?

CLIPTON
Very nice.

He turns away, gets an old clean rag and ties it into a sling.

CLIPTON
Don't you ever miss the old days, Baker?

BAKER
Old days?
(he gets it)
Oh, it was a bit of fun, like being back at school again. But with the Old Man having such a hard time of it, and his heart being set on it the way it is, I don't mind.

Clipton adjusts the sling.

CLIPTON
(sourly)
Well, you'll not be working on it for at least a month.

BAKER
(upset)
A month?

Clipton turns away, irritated.

DISSOLVE TO:

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538-540. INT. REEVES' OFFICE - DAY. Clipton pops his head through the doorway. It is a small hut which has been converted into an office. A bamboo table is covered with scale drawings of the bridge, calculations, etc., and home-made T- and set-squares, etc. Reeves is busily working.

CLIPTON
Busy?

Reeves turns and sees him.

REEVES
Yes, but come on in, if you don't mind my doodling a bit.

He settles back in his chair and relaxes as Clipton comes in and sits down on a stool.

REEVES
Been down to the bridge today?

Clipton is getting a little tired of the question.

CLIPTON
Yes.

REEVES
Coming along, isn't it?

CLIPTON
(drily)
Yes. Lovely.

Reeves looks down at the drawing of the bridge on the desk before him with modest pride. Clipton rises, goes over to him, and looks down at the drawing over his shoulder.

INSERT - DRAWING: It is a scale drawing of the new bridge, which will be wide enough to contain both tracks and room for trucks or marching troops at the same time.

BACK TO SCENE:

Reeves studies it lovingly.

REEVES
The men are doing a fine job, I must say.

CLIPTON
So are you.

REEVES
Thanks. Of course with the Colonel giving me a free hand, it does make things easier...He's a wonderful man. Not like some of these military types.

CLIPTON
Yes. Remarkable.

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538-540. (contd.) He goes back to his stool, frowning.

REEVES
And not like some of the moss-backs I've had to contend with either. All you've got to do is to tell him what you need, and he'll get it if it's humanly possible.

CLIPTON
(sadly)
Pleasant change, eh?

REEVES
Rather!
(he laughs, embarrassed)
You know, I shouldn't say this, but I don't know when I've been happier in the army.

CLIPTON
(hopelessly)
Yes, I can see that...Little Miura learning something new every day?

REEVES
(with sportsmanship)
Well, with the Japs being so spread out the way they are, I suppose they were scraping the bottom of the barrel when they got to Miura.
(he frowns)
Still, the problem is, can we finish in time?

CLIPTON
(giving up)
I shouldn't keep you from your work.
(he rises)
Bye-bye.

REEVES
So long.

He turns back to his desk. Clipton goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

541. EXT. REEVES' OFFICE - DAY. Clipton comes out into the sun, frustrated. He pauses, looks back into the hut, and goes out of scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

542-544 INT. HUGHES' OFFICE - DAY. Like the previous hut, this one has been converted to Hughes' use. The walls are covered with charts and diagrams containing circles and squares and listings of work teams and individuals. Hughes himself is sitting with his feet on his bamboo table, lazily tossing darts at a home-made

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CONTINUED

542-544 (cont.) bamboo dart board on the wall. Nearby, Saito's calendar is nailed to the wall. Clipton pokes his head in, sees Hughes.

CLIPTON
Busy?

HUGHES
Not for friends. Come in.

Clipton comes in, finds a chair out of range.

HUGHES
(tossing a dart)
Play a game?

CLIPTON
No thanks.

HUGHES
Been down to the bridge today?

Clipton looks at him, and rises nervously.

CLIPTON
Yes, It's lovely.

HUGHES
Makes Miura's bridge look pretty tatty, doesn't it?

CLIPTON
(sharply)
Yes, it does.

HUGHES
Question is, can we get it done in time?

CLIPTON
Yes, that's the question....

He begins to pace, sees Hughes' charts, looks at them, and pretends to study them while pulling himself together.

CLIPTON
Umm...Very impressive.

HUGHES
(blandly)
Working like a charm. I must say I've worked out a few new wrinkles I'm itching to try on a really big scale.

CLIPTON
Oh?
(he turns and faces Hughes)
Hughey, can I talk to you for a bit? You don't have to listen.

CONTINUED

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542-544 (cont.) Hughes sees he is disturbed. He puts his feet down, and sprawls back in his chair.

HUGHES
By all means.

Clipton pauses to find the proper beginning. He starts to pace again. Hughes watches him with polite curiosity, and waits.

CLIPTON
(finally)
You know, someone once said that the British are the Japanese of Europe.

HUGHES
(surprised)
They did? Who?

CLIPTON
I don't know, but he was right. Two island empires each with the same love of ritual, the same sense of a divine mission, the same pride in military achievement, and the same preoccupation with face -- maintaining it and losing it, I mean. Remarkable similarity, when you think of it.

HUGHES
(non-committally)
Umm.

CLIPTON
Also, I'm willing to assume that the natural instinct of man - perhaps the one thing that separates him from the other animals - is to build, rather than to destroy. On the other hand, we've always had wars. And in point of fact, we're in a war now.

HUGHES
When did you find that out?

CLIPTON
(flaring)
At this moment I seem to be the only one around here who realizes it.

HUGHES
(puzzled)
Meaning?

CLIPTON
Meaning that here we are building a first-rate bridge for the enemy - a bridge for a railroad that's going to be used against our own people- and everyone couldn't be happier about it.

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CONTINUED

542-
544
(cont.)

HUGHES
(reasonably)
It's a very nice bridge.

CLIPTON
That's what I mean!

Hughes studies him.

HUGHES
(finally, gently)
You know what your problem is, John? You think too much. Very bad in this climate...

Clipton starts to reply, but Hughes cuts him off with an upraised hand.

HUGHES
Why worry? One of these days, the RAF'll come along, and blow the whole thing into little bits and pieces. Meanwhile, you wouldn't want to interfere with a jolly good job of work, would you?

CLIPTON
(nastily)
Oh, no, no. Only how do you know the RAF will come around? Have you seen it around? For that matter, how do you know there is an RAF anymore?

Furious, he turns and goes out. Hughes looks after him, frowning.

HUGHES
No RAF? Winnie wouldn't allow it.

Dismissing Clipton, he rises, goes to the dart board and starts to pull out his darts. He sees the Girl on the bearskin rug, and throws her a friendly kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

545-
547.

INT. NEW OFFICERS' HUT - DAY. It is a little larger and a good deal more comfortable than the Officers' original hut. Each bamboo bunk now has a small table next to it, and there are shelves on the walls. Colonel Nicholson is sitting on his bunk and working on papers over his little table as Clipton comes in. The Colonel looks worn and tired, but he is in obvious good spirits.

NICHOLSON
(looking up)
Ah, Clipton.

Clipton throws himself dispiritedly on his bunk.

CLIPTON
Morning, sir.

CONTINUED

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545-
547.
(cont.)

NICHOLSON
(going back to his papers)
Been down to the bridge today?

Clipton looks at him.

CLIPTON
Yes, sir.

NICHOLSON
Coming along beautifully, isn't it?

CLIPTON
(controlling himself)
Yes, sir.

He turns away, staring up at the ceiling.

CLIPTON
(finally)
Sir...

NICHOLSON
Yes?

He puts his hands up to his temples, frowning with sudden pain. then looks down at his papers again. Clipton decides to go through with it.

CLIPTON
Sir, are you convinced that building this bridge is really a good idea?

NICHOLSON
(startled)
Are you serious?

Clipton turns to him, determined.

CLIPTON
Yes, sir.

NICHOLSON
(staring at him)
A good idea? You don't feel that discipline has been restored? You don't agree that the men's morale, outlook, and even their physical condition has been improved? Are they a happier lot, or aren't they?

CLIPTON
Yes, sir. That's all true.

NICHOLSON
(honestly puzzled)
Well, then? Honestly, Clipton, there are times when I'm afraid I don't understand you at all.

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CONTINUED

545-
547.
(cont.)

CLIPTON
I'll try to make myself clear, sir. This railway line we're helping build is a military line. Its purpose is to carry troops and supplies.

NICHOLSON
Saito swears it isn't so. But if it is, our employment on it is utterly illegal, and the Japanese will have to answer for it at the proper time.

CLIPTON
At the proper time! Yes, sir, but in the meantime - Colonel, the fact is that what we're doing could be construed as collaborating with the enemy. Even treason.

NICHOLSON
(astounded)
I've never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life!

In his agitation, he rises and goes toward Clipton.

NICHOLSON
(reasonably)
Clipton, we're prisoners of war. We haven't the right to refuse to work.

CLIPTON
I understand that, sir. But must we work so well? Must we build them a better bridge than they could have done for themselves?

NICHOLSON
(earnestly)
Suppose you had to operate on Saito, would you do your best? Or would you let him die?
(he waits, and then when Clipton is silent)
Would you have it said that our men couldn't do a proper job of work? Clipton, don't you realise how important it is that we show these people they can't break us, either in body or spirit?...Some day the war will be over. I hope the people who use this bridge in years to come will remember how it was built, and who built it -- not by a gang of slaves, but soldiers. British soldiers, Clipton, even in captivity.

Clipton is helpless in the face of his complete sincerity. He gives us.

CLIPTON
(deliberately)
Suppose the RAF comes along one of these days, and blows it up?

CONTINUED

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545-
547.
Contd.

NICHOLSON
(shocked)
Good heavens, I hope not. It would be terrible for the men - after all their hard work.

Clipton looks at him, incredulous.

CLIPTON
(shattered)
Yes, sir.

He turns away. The Colonel, frowning, turns and goes to his table. Once more the spasm of pain stabs through his head. His hands go to his eyes, and he sways. Suddenly his legs go weak, and he all but makes it to his bunk.

NICHOLSON
(hoarsely)
Clipton --

Clipton turns, and sees him. The Colonel's teeth are chattering. Clipton leaps from his bunk and to him.

CLIPTON
Easy, sir ---

The Colonel's face is covered with perspiration. Clipton forces him gently down on his bunk.

DISSOLVE TO:

548. INTO SAITO'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - SAITO. He is clean-shaven, he looks healthier and more relaxed than ever before, and he is wearing a short kimono. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. We see that he is at the window, feeding the birds from a plate of crumbs in his hands.

SAITO
How is your Colonel?

As he turns, we see Clipton standing behind him.

CLIPTON
(drily)
Malaria can be cured with quinine.
Yes, I know quinine is scarce ...

SAITO
(blandly)
A shipment has just come in. Go to the quartermaster.

CLIPTON
(coldly)
Thank you. My patients will be grateful.

He starts to salute and go.

CONTINUED

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548. Ctd.

SAITO
(calmly)
If your Colonel dies, I will have you shot.

Then, as Clipton gapes, he explodes into laughter. The birds, frightened, flutter away. Clipton is not amused.

SAITO
(through his laughter)
Oh, how funny you looked when I said that ...

CLIPTON
Is there anything else?

Saito recovers himself, shakes his head.

SAITO (seriously)
You will take good care of your Colonel, eh?

CLIPTON
(stiffly)
That happens to be my job.

He salutes, turns and goes out. Saito bursts into reminiscent laughter again. He frightens the returning birds again, and once more they flutter away noisily.

CUT TO:

549. EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - CLOSE ON bright-plumaged birds, screeching raucously in the trees. As they fly away angrily. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the trail below. The party is moving slowly and wearily along the trail, the Old Man in the lead, very tired, then Yai, then Warden and Shears, wearily carrying a stretcher between them on their shoulders. Joyce is on the stretcher. The rest of the party is strung out behind them.

550. MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - on Joyce, unconscious on the stretcher, face flushed and wet with fever.

DISSOLVE TO:

551. EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY. It rises steeply. Warden and Shears are struggling under Joyce's weight. Yai and the Old Man, in the lead, turn and help Warden. The Amazon hurries to Shears' side. Together, they all push and claw their way up the tortuous trail.

DISSOLVE TO:

552-555. EXT. FOURTH CAMP - DAY. The Women are in a huddled group, exhausted and silent. Yai and the Boy are sitting together, too tired to talk. The Old Man, gaunt and hollow-eyed, is resting against a tree. Joyce, lying under a rough shelter, is unconscious and in fever. Ladda, weary and drawn, is kneeling beside him. She wipes the perspiration from his face.

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552. Ctd. A few feet away, Warden is sprawled on the ground, lying against some sacks of explosive, his face hidden by his arm. A short distance from Warden, at the base of a tree, Shears, looking worn out, is covering a hole in the ground with earth and brush. He stops, burrows back into the hole. In it is a miscellaneous cache of supplies, equipment, and grenades. He takes one grenade out, hooks it to his belt, and then re-covers the hole. Wearily, he stamps it down and covers it with brush, then takes his knife and blazes the tree. He turns and goes slowly toward Warden, and sinks down to the ground beside him. He looks at Warden.

SHEARS
Okay. I figure I got rid of thirty pounds, maybe.

Warden nods.

SHEARS
Of course, you know we're kidding ourselves...

Warden is silent.

SHEARS
You know what day today is? September 20th. You know how far we trekked today? Maybe three miles. We'll do less tomorrow.

He looks at Warden, who gives no sign.

SHEARS
We're not going to make it like this. We can't drag the kid and the rest of the stuff too ...
(he forces himself to go on)
I'm not saying we dump the kid. But if we dump any more P.E., we might as well call the whole thing off.

He stops, waits. Warden remains silent.

SHEARS
Come on, Freddie. If you got any pearls, scatter them now. The ship is sinking and there's a hole in the lifeboat.

WARDEN
(finally)
I'm afraid we'll have to stop here awhile.

SHEARS
(startled)
Stop? Are you out of your mind?

WARDEN
Not yet. But I'm afraid I'm coming down with something, too. ,I'm sorry ....

CONTINUED

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552. Ctd. He drops his arm. His face is covered with perspiration. Shears reacts.

SHEARS
(grimly)
I'll get the quinine.

He gets to his feet and starts wearily toward his pack. Warden's teeth begin to chatter helplessly. Shears, bending to his pack, looks over at him. Suddenly, helplessly, he begins to laugh. Warden stares at him.

SHEARS
(through his laughter, weakly)

I'm sorry, Freddie, honest. I just can't help it.... I just got to thinking about the geniuses. They're so right. I'm too old and decrepit for this job ...

Teeth chattering Warden is looking at him dazedly. Shears is gasping with laughter. Still laughing, he starts to walk in a circle, legs widespread and wobbly in imitation of bent old age, supporting himself on an imaginary cane.

DISSOLVE TO:

553. EXT. BRUSH - JUNGLE - DAY. Shears and the Boy are hidden in the brush, hunting. The Boy is blowing Shears' bamboo whistle, and they have obviously been at it a long time. The Boy blows again. They wait.

554. EXT. JUNGLE - from their point of view. There is nothing in sight.

555. EXT. BRUSH. The Boy blows again. Nothing happens. Shears gives it up, disgusted.

SHEARS
Ah, come on --

He takes the whistle from the Boy, and they get to their feet. As they start back, Shears sways with sudden dizziness, and then sits down carefully and weakly. The Boy watches, worried, as he sits there with his head in his hands. Shears pulls himself together.

SHEARS
If you say anything about this, you little rat, I'll kill you.

The Boy looks at him wonderingly. Shears puts his finger to his lips, points to himself, then shakes his head warningly. The Boy nods earnestly. Shears puts out his hand, and the Boy helps him to his feet. They start slowly back toward the camp.

DISSOLVE TO:

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556. INT. SHELTER - FOURTH CAMP - DAY. Joyce, Warden and Shears are lying in a row on their ground sheets, all three unconscious and feverish. The Amazon is kneeling over Shears with a damp cloth, her lips spread in a ferociously maternal smile.

CUT TO:

557. CLOSEUP - SAITO'S CALENDAR - DAY. The girl on the bearskin rug smiles enticingly. The date is October 3rd.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

558. INT. CLIPTON'S SURGERY - DAY. Clipton is working at his table. Colonel Nicholson strides in. He is thin, hollow-eyed, his movements more than usually energetic. Quite obviously, he is not yet fully recovered. Also, he is disturbed.

NICHOLSON
Clipton ---

CLIPTON
You should be in bed, sir.

CONTINUED

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558. Ctd.

NICHOLSON
Nonsense. Look here, we're facing a crisis. I've just had a meeting with Reeves and Hughes, and we're not going to finish in time.

CLIPTON
Oh?

NICHOLSON
We just don't have the manpower, that's all. I've asked the officers to lend a hand, and they've agreed but even that won't do it.

Clipton stares at him.

CLIPTON
The officers are going to lend a hand? Do manual labour?

The Colonel is unaware of his reaction.

NICHOLSON
Yes. I've explained the situation to them, and they've volunteered to a man. Good fellows, all of them. But you see, even that won't be enough.

Clipton pulls himself together.

CLIPTON
Why not ask Saito for some Japs?

NICHOLSON
Japs? I wouldn't dream of it. No, Clipton, we've got to make the most of our own resources.
(he pauses briefly)
That's what I want to talk to you about. The sick list.

For a moment, Clipton doesn't get his meaning. Then, controlling his anger, he rises and faces him.

CLIPTON
There isn't a man in this hospital who doesn't belong here, sir.

NICHOLSON
Now, now, don't get your back up. No reflection on you, old boy. But there are always a few malingerers, aren't there? Be honest now. Let's keep an open mind, that's all I ask ...
(as Clipton searches for words)
Come along - let's see.

He turns and starts to the ward. Clipton, furious, follows him.

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559. INT. WARD. The two long platforms on either side of the centre aisle are filled with sick men, some asleep or in coma, some shivering with malaria, some, stronger, sitting up. The Colonel and Clipton come into the ward. Some of the men look up at their entrance. Others are too weak and sick to care.

560. TRUCK SHOT. The Colonel, followed by Clipton, moves toward the nearest Man. Incredibly thin, he lies apathetically on the bench, bony fingers playing with his ragged blanket. He looks up at the Colonel vacantly.

NICHOLSON
What's wrong with you, my lad?

CLIPTON
He's got amoebic dysentary and blackwater fever. His temperature was 104 last night.

NICHOLSON
Right. I see.

He moves on, Clipton following him. The next Prisoner is asleep, his gaunt face exhausted but peaceful.

NICHOLSON
And this man?

CLIPTON
Leg ulcers. He's got a hole in his leg the size of a golf ball. I'm doing some more cutting tonight. I hope I can save his leg ...
(He lowers his voice)
Do you really want me to send him out to work, sir?

NICHOLSON
(testily)
Oh, don't talk rot, Clipton.

He turns away, starts to go, then stops as he sees something o.s.

561. INT. WARD - from the Colonel's point of view. Baker, his arm bandaged, is sitting up and reading.

562. TWO SHOT - NICHOLSON AND CLIPTON - as the Colonel turns to Clipton.

NICHOLSON
What about that man there?

CONTINUED

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562. Ctd.

CLIPTON
His arm's infected. They're so weak, most of them, their wounds won't heal properly.

COLONEL
(thoughtfully)
I wonder ... Come along, Clipton.

He turns and starts quickly back toward the office. Clipton follows him, puzzled.

563. INT. CLIPTON'S OFFICE - as they come in.

NICHOLSON
(briskly)
Do you know, I wonder if in a case like that one fresh air and light duties wouldn't do the men more good than lying cooped up in this hut of yours.

CLIPTON
Fresh air and light duties?

NICHOLSON
Yes. After all, it's not our policy to keep a man in hospital just because he's scratched his arm, is it?

CLIPTON
(staggered)
Not our policy?

NICHOLSON
Well, is it? Even if a man's not at the top of his form, he can still make himself useful on light duties, the trimmings and finishing touches.

CLIPTON
(helplessly)
Finishing touches?

NICHOLSON
Yes, you know - the general wash and brush-up. I say, I think you could do with a rest yourself ... Look here, Clipton, would you mind if I spoke to your chaps?

CLIPTON
Spoke to them?
(then, as he fully understands)
Oh, no, sir. Please don't! Don't speak to them. Some of them are dying. Let me -- Please, Colonel.

CONTINUED

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563. Ctd.

NICHOLSON
Alright. But you will make it clear how serious the situation is, won't you?

564. INT. WARD. Baker and all the men who are conscious are listening. The Colonel's voice comes through clearly across the thin bamboo partition.

NICHOLSON'S VOICE
(over)
Explain to them that we've less than three weeks to do the job in, and that every man and every hour counts. Tell them how important it is, not only to me, but to them, and that anything they do, no matter how small, will be a great help ...

They listen.

565. INT. CLIPTON'S SURGERY. NICHOLSON AND CLIPTON.

NICHOLSON (contd)
Tell them - well, just let them know I'm counting on them, will you?

CLIPTON
Yes. I will ...

NICHOLSON
Good show. I knew I could depend on you.
(he starts to go)
Come down to the bridge when you're free.

CLIPTON
Yes, Colonel ... Colonel, I couldn't persuade you to go back to bed, could I? I don't like the way you look.

NICHOLSON
Rot. Never felt better.

He starts out again, sees something o.s., stops. Clipton follows his glance.

566. EXT. HOSPITAL - from their point of view. Ten or twelve sick men, Baker among them, are emerging from the hospital and moving toward the compound. Some of them are just able to walk alone or with the aid of sticks. Others are supported by stronger mates. They are going to the bridge.

567. CLOSE SHOT - NICHOLSON AND CLIPTON - as they see them.

CONTINUED

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567. NICHOLSON
Ctd. Jolly good ...

Clipton cannot speak.

568. EXT. COMPOUND - on the little band of volunteers, moving slowly, waveringly but indomitably.

CUT TO:

569. EXT. ROCKY VALLEY FLOOR - DAY. The party are moving wearily across the boulder-strewn valley floor. The Old Man is being helped by his Daughter. Shears, Joyce and Warden, barely recovered from their malaria, are just able to drag themselves along. The whole procession looks very much like the one in the previous shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

570. CLOSEUP - SAITO'S CALENDAR. The date is October 8th.

CUT TO:

571. MONTAGE:

A. The Colonel and Reeves, jumping across gaps in the bridge platform.

B. The party scrambling across slippery rocks in a river-bed.

C. Prisoners chopping trees.

D. Shears and Joyce hacking a path for the party through tangled brush.

E. Prisoners, drenched in pouring rain, clambering over a section of the bridge superstructure.

F. The party crawling up a steep hill in a driving rain.

G. A meeting in Hughes' office at night, with the Colonel, Reeves and Hughes gathered about Hughes' charts.

H. A Jungle stream, at night, where Joyce is washing. Ladda comes to the stream with a gourd. She fills it, straightens. They look at each other. Almost to her own surprise, she puts her hand out to him, and Joyce takes it gently between both of his. She smiles shyly, and Joyce smiles, too. Then, slipping her hand from his grasp, she turns and glides away.

CONTINUED:

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571. Ctd. MONTAGE - CONTD.

I. Prisoners on the bridge, carrying a section of track.

J. The party, wading across a river, carrying their packs and explosives on poles.

K. CLOSEUP - THE GIRL ON SAITO'S CALENDAR. The date is October 17th.

DISSOLVE TO:

572. EXT. STEEP HILLSIDE - DAY. The party is struggling toward the brow of the hill.

573. EXT. RIDGE - which will be known hereafter as the Observation Point, or O.P. Shears crawls up onto the ridge, followed by Joyce, Warden and the others. They sprawl and kneel where they are, all of them too tired to move. Then, gradually, they become conscious of the SOUND of flowing water and the distant clatter of men at work. Realization and disbelief come almost together. They force themselves to their feet, and go forward to the edge of the ridge. They look out and down, and then, like prospectors who have at long last found El Dorado, their faces are frozen into grimaces of surprise, recognition, incredulity and triumph.

574. MED. LONG SHOT - EXT. KWAI RIVER - from their point of view. Below them, dominating the shot, the bridge proudly spans the river from bank to bank. Obviously it is all but finished, and the coat of paintthat covers it except for the end in the f.g. gleams in the sunlight. Men, tiny in the distance, are swarming over the f.g. end, but they are laying the last sections of track and applying the Colonel's finishing touches.

575. EXT. O.P. - GROUP SHOT. Everyone is staring down at the bridge. The SOUND of the prisoners at work continues over the shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

576. EXT. BANK - DAY - where the bridge joins the bank. Colonel Nicholson, Hughes and Reeves are watching the men at work, tense but confident. Prisoners are painting, hammering, laying rails in the narrowing gap between the tracks. Most of them are obviously on their last legs, going on by sheer will power. A Prisoner working with a sledge-hammer on a rail falters and slumps. The Colonel sees him.

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FADE IN:

1. MED. LONG SHOT - EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE - MALAYA JUNGLE - NIGHT. A railroad track hugs the steep, overgrown incline and disappears into the mouth of a tunnel. OVER the shot there is the distant grumble of an approaching train. An instant later, it is submerged in the shriek of the locomotive whistle. The insane shriek of the whistle continues OVER:

2. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK - where two men - SHEARS and WARDEN - are crouched over the explosive charges they have laid along the track. They look at each other for an instant, realising they have only minutes to spare, then go back to work. Dirty, ragged, bearded, their tommy guns within close reach, they work in the glow of their small torches with the swiftness and efficiency of experience, unhampered by the packs on their backs. Shears is fastening plastic explosive to the rail. Warden is connecting a fog signal to the main fuse. The shriek of the locomotive whistle dies away. In its place, the growl of the approaching train can be plainly heard, louder than before.

3-6. EXT. JUNGLE - RAILROAD TRACK - SERIES OF SHOTS: The train roaring through the night, its headlight splitting the darkness, its grinding roar reverberating back from the jungle. The whistle shrieks again, drowning out all other sound.

7. INT. MOVING LOCOMOTIVE. The Tamil Engineer is pulling the whistle cord. The Tamil Fireman is stoking the boiler. Two armed Japanese Soldiers are lolling at the rear of the cab. The whistle blast continues OVER the shot.

8. INT. TUNNEL - TRACK - as the whistle fades. The sound of the approaching train is louder, closer. Shears finishes lashing the last lump of plastic, checks it, gets his tommy gun and torch and crawls closer to Warden. Warden is in difficulty. The wires are stubborn, contrary, fighting and eluding his fingers. Shears squats alongside him, adding the light of his torch to Warden's, watching but not interfering. The grumble of the approaching train has become a bellow. The end of the wire breaks in Warden's pliers. He starts again.

WARDEN
(without pausing)
Go on. I'll catch up with you.

SHEARS
Cross your heart?

He doesn't move. Warden goes on working.

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576. Ctd.

NICHOLSON
(to Reeves and Hughes)
Come along, chaps. Lend a hand.

He starts forward, and they follow him. He takes the sledgehammer from the exhausted Prisoner, and Reeves and Hughes relieve two other men.

NICHOLSON
Carry on, men! We're almost there! We'll be finished in an hour. Carry on!

He swings the sledge-hammer, energetically.

577. EXT. O.P. Shears, Joyce, Warden and Yai are at the edge of the ridge, looking down toward the river. Beside them, the hand mortar has been set up, and mortar bombs laid out. In the b.g. we see that camp has been made, and the Siamese are resting. The sound of the river and the Prisoners working below can be heard, and will be heard throughout the scene.

WARDEN
It's not going to be easy.

SHEARS
Nothing's been easy since we started. Why should it be different now?

WARDEN
True ... If only our train crossed at night, there'd be nothing to it. We could use an automatic switch, and be miles away when the baloon went up. But at nine in the morning - and there's bound to be an inspection - we have a problem of concealment plus timing.

SHEARS
This guy could be a genius if he wasn't too intelligent.

WARDEN
Thank you. Here's how I see it, then. Problem one, getting the stuff to the bridge. There are sure to be sentries all over the place tonight, so we'll have to float the stuff down from upriver somewhere, on a raft of some kind.

SHEARS
In that current? That's going to be a joy-ride.

They look down toward the river.

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578. MED. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - from their point of view. The river is flowing turbulently through the massive piles.

WARDEN'S VOICE (OVER)
I know, but there's no other way ...

579. EXT. O.P. - GROUP SHOT.

WARDEN
If we all start building the raft now, we should be finished by nightfall. Then I think we should send the others back into the jungle, to give them a start in case there's trouble. Agreed?

SHEARS
Check.

WARDEN
Step two. The charges. As I see it, we set them against the six middle piles ...

They follow his pointed finger.

580. MED. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - from their point of view, featuring the middle of the bridge.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
... in all four rows, which should make a very nice hiatus in the general structure.

581. EXT. O.P. - GROUP SHOT.

WARDEN (continuing)
Then we'll have to run a wire from the charges to a plunger-box somewhere. Check?

SHEARS
Agreed. Where?

WARDEN
That's the problem. As you can see, the bank on this side is so steep and bare ...

582. LONG SHOT - EXT. BANK - from their point of view, steep and barren. In the b.g. the Prisoners can be seen working.

WARDEN'S VOICE (over)
... the wire would be completely in the open. There's just no way to conceal it.

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583. EXT. O.P. - GROUP SHOT.

WARDEN
The only place I can see is that clump of brush out there in the river ...

He points to it.

584. MED. LONG SHOT - THE RIVER - from their point of view. Some thirty yards from the bridge and ten yards from the opposite bank, a small brush-covered pimple of land juts out of the water.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
.. It's on the wrong side, but the brush is thick enough to hide both the wire and whoever's on the box ....

585. EXT. O.P. - GROUP SHOT.

SHEARS
What do you mean, whoever's on the box. I'm on the box.

WARDEN
I see.

SHEARS
I thought you would.

Joyce is disappointed, but he remains silent.

WARDEN
Then let me point out to you that as soon as the bridge goes, you can't waste a second. Start swimming for this side. I think we can give you pretty fair cover. You see that divided tree just beyond the tracks?

586. LONG SHOT - EXT. HILLSIDE - on their side of the river, from their point of view. A divided tree grows out of a thick clump of brush.

WARDEN'S VOICE
(over)
Yai and I will be there, with tommy guns ...

587. EXT. O.P. GROUP SHOT.

WARDEN
(continuing)
And Joyce will be up here with the mortar.
(he sees Joyce's look)

CONTINUED

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587. Ctd.

WARDEN
(contd.)
Don't look so disappointed. You can do quite a bit of damage with it, and I expect you to.
(he turns to Shears)
With all the fireworks going off at once, you should be able to get back in one piece, if you hurry.

SHEARS
(heavily)
Good-oh.

To their surprise. Joyce gives an embarrassed cough. They look at him.

JOYCE
Well, it's only that I've done a lot of swimming. I mean - well, I'm pretty fast. I was just thinking ...

He trails off, avoiding Shears' eyes.

SHEARS
Wait your turn, will you, Junior?

JOYCE
It was just a thought. I'm sorry.

WARDEN
Any other suggestions?

SHEARS
Yes. Let's get started.

WARDEN
Yes, lets.

He raises his field glasses and takes a last look at the bridge below.

WARDEN
Poor devils. They're literally nothing but skin and bone. Just imagine what they've been through.
(then, startled)
Good heavens, they've even got a Colonel working down there!

588. EXT. BRIDGE - through Warden's field glasses. Colonel Nicholson is swinging his sledge-hammer lustily.

589. EXT. O.P. Warden lowers the glasses.

CONTINUED

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589. Ctd.

SHEARS
When that happens, then you know things are tough.

WARDEN
It's a pity we can't let them know we're here. But we can't. So, as Shears says, let's get started ...

DISSOLVE TO

590. EXT. RIVER BANK - TWILIGHT - upstream from the bridge. Everyone in the party is working on the raft. The equipment and explosives are stacked nearby.

DISSOLVE TO:

591-593. EXT. PARADE GROUND - NIGHT - near the hospital. The Prisoners have made a makeshift stage, and the area before it is crowded with men and officers, sitting on stools, boxes, crates or on the ground. Colonel Nicholson and the other Officers are at the front, near the stage. Not far away, also at the front, are the ambulatory sick and wounded. On stage, Two Prisoners, made up as a somewhat unlikely female song and dance team, are dancing to the concertina accompaniment of another Prisoner. One of the Dancers pretends to trip, and they both fall. It gets a big laugh.

594. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE - NIGHT. He is hosting a dinner party of his Officers, including Miura, and they are all very gay.

DISSOLVE TO

595/598. EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT - THE RAFT. It is finished and loaded, the explosives, wire and plunger lashed down. CAMERA PANS AWAY from the raft to pick up Warden Shears, Joyce and Yai, going toward the Siamese who stand ready to leave. The two groups meet. Joyce and Ladda look at each other. Warden goes to the Old Man, and thanks him quietly, briefly, but sincerely, in Siamese. The Old Man smiles and bows. Warden puts out his hand, and the Old Man takes it. They shake hands.

Yai says goodbye to his wife and the Boy.

Shears sees the Amazon grinning at him fondly. He goes to her.

SHEARS
So long, you gorgeous creature.

He takes her, turns her around, and gives her a slap across the rump. She loves it.

CONTINUED

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595/ 598 Ctd. In the general, if hushed laughter, Joyce and Ladda are looking at each other, their eyes saying the farewell they cannot speak.

The Old Man gives the word, and starts away. The others begin to follow. Ladda turns and goes with the others.

The Boy runs to Shears and puts out his hand. Shears shakes it gravely. Then, remembering, he gets the bamboo whistle from his pocket, and gives it to him. The Boy looks up at him, incredulous and delighted, shakes his hand again fiercely, then turns and hurries after the others.

599. GROUP SHOT - the four men, watching the others leave,

600. EXT. JUNGLE - from their point of view. With the Old Man in the lead, they trudge away toward the thicker brush. Ladda turns and looks back.

601. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he sees her.

602. MED. LONG SHOT. Ladda turns and goes on with the others. They disappear into the brush.

603. GROUP SHOT - the four men. The others have not been unaware of the last exchange between Joyce and Ladda. No one says anything. They turn and start back toward the raft.

604. EXT. RIVER BANK. The men lift the heavy raft and carry it to the edge of the bank.

605. EXT. RIVER. It races turbulently past the steep bank.

606. EXT. BANK. - as the men start to climb down, supporting the raft. They make the descent with great difficulty, the unwieldy raft threatening to slip from their hands, as they slide and crawl down the bank.

607. EXT. RIVER - as they reach it and float the raft. Even at the river's edge the current is swift and strong. They move out, maintaining their footing with difficulty. When they are waist-deep, the current sweeps them and the raft up.

608. EXT. RIVER. The heavy raft, almost entirely submerged, is caught in the current. The men cling to it helplessly. The raft sweeps downriver, as lightly as a toy. The current plays with it, hurling it downstream. Blinded and choked by the water, the men hold on.

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609. FULL SHOT - on the rushing river, carrying the raft with it.

610. EXT. RIVER BANK - AT WATER'S EDGE. A huge uprooted tree trunk, caught by its branches to undergrowth near the bank, extends out into the river.

611. EXT. RIVER - on the raft, hurtling in the direction of the tree.

612. CLOSE - on the tree trunk, its crooked branches seeming to reach out for the raft.

613. THE RAFT - as the men see the tree-trunk ahead, and are helpless.

614. EXT. RIVER - as the current pulls the trunk away from the undergrowth just before the raft collides with it. The huge tree floats away. A cross-current carries the raft gradually toward the opposite bank.

615. FULL SHOT - EXT. RIVER. The raft is being carried swiftly downstream. In the foreground, we see the abandoned piles of the original bridge. The river races around them.

616. EXT. RIVER - on the raft sweeping swiftly toward the piles. The distance narrows. Warden and Shears, at the front corners, see the piles ahead. Desperately, they try to make the raft veer. Joyce and Yai, seeing what they are doing, realize what is happening. They, too, try to make the raft veer.

617/ 619 SERIES OF SHOTS - the raft hurtling toward the piles. It must hit the last of the piles in mid-river.

620. EXT. RAFT - as Joyce tries to climb onto the raft, fails then manages to clamber on. He crawls to the charges and covers them with his body.

621. EXT. RIVER - as the raft sweeps toward the outer piles. Warden is directly in line with them. He has to let go.

622. EXT. RAFT. Joyce is leaning out over the side of the raft as it rushes toward the piles. It must hit the outermost pile. Joyce reaches out and deflects it with his arms. The impact throws him into the water, but the raft slips by.

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623. EXT. RIVER. The raft, rushing away from the piles, Joyce and Warden, surfacing, swim after it. The raft reaches a bend in the river, disappears.

624. EXT. RIVER BEND - as the raft is caught in a whirlpool and begins to revolve like a pinwheel. Shears and Yai are thrown loose.

625. EXT. RIVER - AROUND THE BEND - as the whirling raft is carried into view. The river is wider and calmer. The raft gradually stops spinning. The four men come into view, swimming after it.

626. EXT. RIVER - shooting downstream. The bridge has come into view, its superstructure illuminated in the moonlight. The men swim after the raft, overtake it, hold on.

627. EXT. RIVER - another angle. The river is calmer here. The raft floats easily, completely visible on the moonlit water.

628. EXT. BRIDGE. A Japanese Sentry leans against the rail. At the opposite end of the bridge, another Sentry can be seen.

629. EXT. SKY. There is a bright full moon.

630. EXT. RIVER - on the raft floating in the moonlight.

631. EXT. SKY. A cloud is moving toward the moon. Gradually it obscures it.

632. EXT. RIVER - as the moonlight wanes. The raft passes from illumination to darkness.

633. EXT. BRIDGE. It looms large in the darkness. The sound of the distant concertina can be heard now.

634. REVERSE- as the raft floats closer to the bridge.

635. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE - as the raft approaches and reaches it. The men reach out for the piles, bringing the raft to a halt. They cling to both raft and piles, exhausted and breathless. The distant concertina plays a concluding series of chords, and there is a burst of applause on the wind. They look at each other wearily

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636/ 640. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The Prisoners are applauding Colonel Nicholson, who is on the stage. He is affected by the warm and respectful applause. It dies away.

NICHOLSON
Thank you.

He pauses, at loss for words.

The men look up at him, waiting.

NICHOLSON
I do thank you. You've done a magnificent piece of work...

The men are listening to him.

Clipton is looking up toward him sardonically.

NICHOLSON
And now that it's over, I imagine that many of you must be feeling somewhat let down, empty ... that's understandable. It's a natural reaction ....

Loomis and Grogan are listening. Clipton, Reev s and Hughes listen.

Baker and Barnett are listening intently.

NICHOLSON
(quietly and sincerely)
But some day -- tomorrow, or the day after, or that day when, God willing, we all return to our homes again, you're going to feel very proud of what you have accomplished here in the face of great adversity. What you have done should be - and I think will be - an example to every one of our countrymen, soldier and civilian alike. You may not realise it now, but here in the wilderness, you have turned defeat into victory. And I congratulate you all. Well done ....

There is silence when he finishes. Then, a Man somewhere starts to applaud, and others pick it up. But the Colonel puts up his hand and shakes his head. The applause dies. He gestures to the wings, and the Man with the concertina comes out. He starts to play the opening chords of the Anthem, and everyone rises, the sick and wounded helping each other. He plays. Everyone is at attention. Then, from somewhere among them, a Man begins to sing the words. Someone else picks it up. More and more join in, until they are all singing.

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641. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. The four men have been lashing the raft to some piles. Now they listen to the o.s. voices and concertina, distant and faint but clear. They look at each other, then go back to work.

642. EXT. HILLSIDE LEADING TO O.P. Ladda is climbing to the top of the hill. The distant singing can be heard over the shot.

643. EXT. O.P. - as Ladda reaches it. The men have left their packs and what they will not be using during the night. The mortar, outlined by the moonlight, points toward the sky. Ladda sits down on the ground, her hands folded patiently. The distant o.s. anthem ends.

DISSOLVE TO

8FLiX.com WAR SCREENPLAY DATABASE 20231105

644. UNDERWATER SHOT - UNDER BRIDGE - NIGHT. Joyce is lashing a charge to a pile, gripping the pile with his knees. He lets go, and comes up for air.

645. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE - as Joyce comes up gasping,. clinging to the pile.

646- SERIES OF SHOTS - under the bridge and under water, as the
650. four men lash their charges to the piles about two feet under the surface, and connect them with instantaneous fuse. The current is strong as it sweeps around the piles, and they must fight it constantly, and when they come up for air they shiver with cold. They are all desperately tired.

651. UNDERWATER SHOT - on Shears, as he connects a fuse to his charge, and comes up.

652. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE - as Shears comes up and clings weakly to the pile. He is exhausted. There is the sound of distant singing in Japanese.

653. EXT. RIVER BANK - CAMP SIDE. Two Japanese Soldiers are strolling down toward the bridge. They have been celebrating, too, and they have had a few drinks. One of them is singing a Japanese song. Beyond them, in the b.g., the camp is dark. They reach the Sentry, and exchange jovial greetings.

654. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. CAMERA moves quickly along the row of pilings. It reaches Shears, Warden, Yai and Joyce. They are frozen in mid-motion, as they hear the approaching Japanese. Now they hear the footsteps of the Japanese on the bridge itself. They remain silent, motionless.

655. EXT. BRIDGE - as the two Soldiers and Sentry move along the bridge. They are in a school-boyish mood, laughing as they shove and trip each other up as they go. They concentrate now on the Singer, pushing and tripping him until he is no longer able to sing, and they are all laughing hilariously.

656. EXT. BRIDGE - FAR END - where the other Sentry has seen them and is coming toward them.

657. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. The four men are clinging tensely to their piles, listening to the approaching Japanese.

658. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS. He looks ill. He is faint, dizzy. He fights it off, but the weakness grows and it becomes difficult for him to breathe. He grips the pile tighter, more for support than shelter.

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659. EXT. BRIDGE. - as the Japanese Soldiers reach the centre of the bridge, and the Second Sentry joins them. The Man who sang turns suddenly, climbs up on the railing, and pretends to be getting ready to jump. The others are vastly amused.

660. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. WARDEN, JOYCE AND YAI are frozen in their positions, trembling with cold.

661. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS. Now he is trembling violently, and his teeth begin to chatter. Fortunately it cannot be heard over the laughter and hoots of the Japanese directly above.

662. EXT. BRIDGE. The other Japanese Soldiers are pretending to push the Man on the Rail into the water. They are weak with laughter.

663 - 665. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. Shears is still pressed with desperate weakness against the piling. Now he puts his hand to his face, trying to squeeze his jaw muscles into control with his fingers. There is the SOUND of the Jap on the rail jumping back onto the bridge proper, more laughter and shouts in Japanese, and then the SOUND of footsteps turning back toward the camp side. Warden, Joyce and Yai wait it out. None of them can see Shears. The footsteps stop suddenly. They react.

666. EXT. BRIDGE. The Four Japs are leaning over the rail, spitting into the water. They run out of saliva and tire of the game. They go on toward the bank on the camp side.

667 - 669. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE. As the footsteps and voices of the Japanese grow fainter and finally fade in the distance, Warden, Joyce and Yai relax from their strained positions and go back to work. Shears' teeth have stopped chattering, but his forehead and face are now bathed in perspiration. He makes a supreme effort to pull himself together and to go on with the work. But he is too far gone. He sags, loses his grip on the pile and goes under. The others are unaware of what is happening to him. They go on feverishly. It is Yai who, looking up, sees something downstream, and gives a whispered cry. Warden and Joyce look up, follow his pointed finger.

670. EXT. RIVER - from their point of view. The dimly seen mass of Shears' body can be seen floating in the current downstream.

671. EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE - as Warden, Joyce and Yai go after him.

672. EXT. RIVER - on Shears' unconscious body in the grip of the current.

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673- SERIES OF SHOTS - of the three men swimming after Shears. Joyce
676. draws ahead of the others. Shears' body is tossed and whirled in the current. Gradually Joyce overtakes him, makes a final effort, catches up with him, grabs and holds. Shears is conscious now, but does not struggle. He is aware that it is Joyce who has saved him. Joyce treads water. Yai and Warden swim into the shot, and help to support Shears' weight.

DISSOLVE TO:

677. EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT. Joyce and Warden are carrying Shears toward the observation post. He is limp, helpless.

678. EXT. OBSERVATION POST - as they come to it. They stop suddenly, startled as they see something o.s.

679. MED. CLOSE SHOT - LADDA - sitting on the ground.

680. MED. SHOT - JOYCE, SHEARS AND WARDEN - as Joyce and Warden react, then continue forward with Shears. CAMERA GOES with them. They put Shears down gently. Warden tries to make him comfortable. Joyce turns to get some blankets.

681. ANOTHER ANGLE - as Joyce starts to collect blankets from the pile of packs. Ladda comes silently forward to help him.

682. SHEARS AND WARDEN. Shears opens his eyes, focuses on Warden. He manages a tired grin.

SHEARS
The geniuses were right, after all....
I loused it up, didn't I?

WARDEN
Don't be silly. We couldn't have got here without you.

Joyce and Ladda come into the shot with the blankets. Warden takes them, covers Shears. Shears sees Joyce and Ladda.

SHEARS
(weakly)
Ah, the love birds...Thanks, Junior...
(he looks at Warden)
You know what? The kid can swim at that. Better than you, maybe. Like you said, it's a young man's war.

Joyce looks at Warden eagerly.

WARDEN
(after a pause)
We'll see...

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CONTINUED

682 He pats Shears in parting, rises, turns to the girl.
(cont.)

WARDEN
(in Siamese)
Look after him.

LADDA
(in Siamese)
Yes.

He turns for a last look at Shears, signals to Joyce and they turn and start toward the brush.

683. EXT. BRUSH - as Warden and Joyce reach it. Joyce turns for a quick look at Ladda, then disappears after Warden into the brush.

684. EXT. OBSERVATION POST. Ladda is looking after Joyce. She turns and goes toward Shears. He is lying with his eyes open, crushed and defeated. She kneels beside him and starts to wipe his face. He manages to raise his arm in a gesture of rejection, for even her kindness is painful to him now.

DISSOLVE TO:

685. EXT. RIVER - AT BRIDGE - NIGHT. The charges have all been laid, and the fuses connected to the main wire. Warden and Joyce are swimming away from the bridge, paying out the weighted wire as they go, the heavy wire sinking beneath the surface. Yai, carrying the plunger-box in a water-proof bag, is swimming alongside. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to the little island. They reach it, and come out of the water. Warden and Joyce pay out the wire as they go toward the middle of the little knob of sand and tangled brush.

686. INT. OFFICERS' HUT. The Colonel, Clipton, Reeves and Hughes are asleep.

687. INT. SAITO'S OFFICE. He is lying on his cot in his clothes, happily and drunkenly asleep.

688. EXT. OBSERVATION POST - CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS - staring miserably into the darkness.

689. EXT. ISLAND. In the centre of a clump of brush, Warden has just connected the wire to the plunger box. Joyce and Yai are kneeling beside him. He looks at them, tests the wires again, then rises. They come to their feet.

WARDEN
It's all yours now.

JOYCE
Thanks.

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689 (cont.)

WARDEN
Don't forget, they'll most likely send out a dummy train first, so be very sure.

JOYCE
I will.

WARDEN
And you know where we'll be?

JOYCE
Yes.

WARDEN
I guess that's all. Just remember that girder...

JOYCE
(he smiles)
I will...and thanks for trusting me.

WARDEN
Good luck...

They shake hands. Warden nods to Yai and starts away. Yai grins at Joyce, and follows Warden. Joyce looks after them excited.

690. TRUCK SHOT - with Warden and Jai, as they move toward the water, bending to see the wire and be sure that it is hidden in the brush. They stop at the water's edge, and Warden turns for a last look at Joyce.

691. EXT. CLUMP OF BRUSH - from their point of view, as Joyce stoops and is lost to view.

692. EXT. WATER'S EDGE - WARDEN AND YAI. Warden turns now and looks toward the bridge. Yai follows his glance.

693. MED. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - from their point of view, it looms large in the darkness, the river gurgling through the piles. There is no sign of their work.

694. EXT. WATER'S EDGE - as Warden and Yai look at each other, then turn and slip into the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

695. EXT. WARDEN'S COVER POINT - NIGHT. Hidden in the brush near the divided tree, Warden and Jai, tommy guns ready, are staring watchfully toward the dark river.

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696. EXT. ISLAND - JOYCE - NIGHT. He is lying hidden in the brush, tense and wakeful. Unconsciously, his hand moves over the knife strapped to his waist.

697. EXT. OBSERVATION POST. Shears' eyes are closed now. His body is trembling violently and his teeth chattering. Ladda comes to him and looks down at him helplessly. She adjusts the blankets over him, but he continues to shake. She looks around but there is nothing more to cover him with. She is frightened. Shears continues to tremble, teeth chattering. Gently, she raises the blankets and slips in beside him. She puts her arms around him and pillows his head on her breast, holding him to her for her own warmth. She lies there, wide-eyed, holding him close. Gradually, Shears' trembling and chattering teeth begin to subside. He sleeps.

698. HIGH MED. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - stretching across the river. As throughout the night, the SOUND of the swiftly-flowing river can be heard over the shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

699. HIGH MED. LONG SHOT - DAWN - THE BRIDGE. The rising sun is glittering on the surface of the water. The river is calm. For the first time, the sound of its passage is gone. The river is silent, placid, almost sluggish.

700. EXT. RIVER BANK - WATER'S EDGE - on the observation post side. The river laps gently at the bank, and it is obvious that it has fallen at least a foot during the night. CAMERA PANS away from the bank and across the surface of the gently flowing river toward the bridge, and then MOVES close to the piles. The fall of the river can be plainly seen by the water-markings on the piles. CAMERA MOVES along the piles to the centre of the bridge, stops. A foot beneath the surface, the charges can be dimly seen, vague shapes under the water. CAMERA PANS across the surface again until the island comes into view. There is now a six-foot stretch of sand between the underbrush and the water, and the wire can be plainly seen, glinting in the morning sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

701. EXT. BRIDGE - MORNING - on the centre piles. The water has fallen another foot, and the charges are no longer safely out of sight but shadowy blobs just below the surface.

702. EXT. ISLAND - JOYCE. He is lying on his stomach, gratefully receiving the warmth of the rising sun, one outstretched arm touching the plunger box.

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703. EXT. WARDEN'S COVER POINT. Hidden in the brush by the divided tree, Warden and Yai are waiting, red-eyed, weary but alert, tommy-guns ready. Warden is staring out toward the river, puzzled.

WARDEN
It's too quiet...There's something wrong. I don't know what it is, but I can feel it. Something's different.

YAI
(puzzled)
What different?

WARDEN
I don't know. But something's changed...

Yai looks at him, then out towards the river. Warden stares out toward the river and the bridge. The change has not yet registered on either of them. Then Yai stiffens.

YAI
River go down! River sink. That's why quiet!

Warden looks at him blankly, then realizes what he has said. He swivels toward the river, his eyes focusing now.

704. EXT. ISLAND - from their point of view. The sloping beach is plainly visible now.

705. TWO SHOT - WARDEN AND YAI - as they look at each other in horror.

706. EXT. O.P. - Ladda, supporting Shears, is giving him a drink of water. He looks a little better, but very weak.

SHEARS
Thanks.

She understands him, smiles shyly, lets him down gently. Shears lies there weakly. He closes his eyes for a moment, then opens them again, disturbed. He lies there, puzzled.

SHEARS
(aloud)
There's something different...

The Girl looks at him blankly. Shears scowls at her, turns over, crawls slowly toward the edge of the ridge, and looks out.

707. HIGH MED. LONG SHOT - THE RIVER - from Shears' point of view. From this height, the change in the river cannot be seen.

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708. EXT. O.P. - Shears is still puzzled and annoyed. He looks around for field glasses, and sees the pair beside the mortar. He crawls to it, gets the field glasses, raises them to his eyes.

709. EXT. RIVER - through the glasses from Shears' point of view, gradually becoming clear, weaving unsteadily for a moment, then steadying. We see the centre piles. The charges are not visible, but the water-marks on the piles are distinct. The CAMERA PANS away from the bridge toward Joyce's island. The wire itself cannot be seen, but its metal weights sparkle in the sunlight. CAMERA PANS upward toward the underbrush. Joyce is not visible.

710. EXT. O.P. - as Shears lets the glass fall, staggered by the disaster. Ladda comes up beside him, puzzled. Shears pulls himself together, crawls over to the mortar, starts to get the mortar bombs ready.

711. EXT ISLAND. Joyce is stilllying on his stomach. He hears the sound of distant voices o.s., and tenses. Carefully, he gets to his knees and looks out through the brush.

712. EXT. EMBANKMENT - from Joyce's point of view. Four Japanese Sentries, armed, are coming toward the bridge.

713. JOYCE - as he sees them. He ducks, changes his position to face the bridge, then tenses in shock and disbelief.

714. EXT. ISLAND - from Joyce's point of view, the newly exposed sand, and the wire leading from the brush into the water.

715. JOYCE - as he stares at the exposed wire, then turns and looks toward the bank.

716. EXT. BANK. Moist sand and shallow pools of water lie between the island and the bank.

717. JOYCE - as he reacts.

718. EXT. BRIDGE - CAMP SIDE - as the Four Sentries start across the bridge.

719. EXT. BRIDGE - FULL SHOT. The Four Sentries come toward the CAMERA.

720. MED. TRUCK SHOT - as the Sentries stroll along the bridge, looking around casually.

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721. CLOSE SHOT - WARDEN AND YAI - as they see the Sentries on the bridge.

722. EXT. BRIDGE - from their point of view, and the Sentries, seen through the superstructure.

723. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS - watching through his field glasses.

724. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - watching in the brush.

725. EXT. BRIDGE - from Joyce's point of view, and the moving Sentries.

726. EXT. BRIDGE - as the Sentries reach the end of the bridge, look around idly, then start back.

727. EXT. RIVER - at bridge level. The CAMERA MOVES with the walking Sentries, passing along the piles. It reaches the centre piles. From this angle, the charges are clearly visible, just below the surface, as the CAMERA passes across the piles, and the network of wires can be seen. The footsteps of the Jap soldiers continue along the bridge with the CAMERA.

728. TWO SHOT - WARDEN AND YAI - as they see the Soldiers.

WARDEN
(whispering)
What luck... maybe we're alright now.

Yai shrugs.

729. EXT. PARADE GROUND. The Prisoners are climbing to the roofs of their barrack huts.

730. EXT. ROOF - BARRACKS HUT - as Prisoners clamber to the roof and find places for themselves. They are in good humour.

731. EXT. ANOTHER ROOF - as Prisoners climb up on it. We see Locmis, Grogan and Baker.

732. EXT. ANOTHER ROOF - as Prisoners climb to it. We see Reeves, Hughes, Clipton and other officers. The men make room for them.

CLIPTON
(sourly)
Where's the Colonel?

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732. HUGHES
(cont.) Where would you think? He's inspecting.

There is the sound of a distant locomotive, and everyone reacts to it.

733. MED. LONG SHOT. - from the roof. There is a good view of the river and the bridge, but there is no train in sight.

734. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he hears the approaching locomotive, his hand goes out toward the plunger.

735. TWO SHOT - WARDEN AND YAI - hearing the locomotive.

736. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS - looking through his field glasses.

737. HIGH LONG SHOT - from Shears' point of view. A locomotive comes into sight along the track. It draws no train.

738. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - waiting.

739. TWO SHOT - WARDEN AND YAI - straining to see.

740. EXT. EMBANKMENT - as the locomotive puffs toward the bridge.

741. EXT. BARRACKS ROOF - as the Prisoners wait in expectation of the special train.

742. EXT. RIVER - FULL SHOT - as the locomotive nears the bridge.

743. LONG SHOT - FROM THE CAMP - as the locomotive comes into view, chugging manfully toward the bridge.

744. FULLSHOT - EXT. BARRACKS ROOFS - as the Prisoners applaud and whistle ironically.

745. EXT. EMBANKMENT - as the locomotive reaches the bridge.

746. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he sees it, and relaxes a little.

747. EXT. BRIDGE. The locomotive starts across it.

748. WARDEN AND YAI - as they see the locomotive.

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749. EXT. BRIDGE. The locomotive puffs across it.

750. EXT. WARDEN'S COVER POINT - shooting past them toward the track below, as the locomotive goes by.

751. EXT. EMBANKMENT. Saito, in full dress uniform, still having a little trouble with his sword, is leading the entire Japanese contingent toward the bridge. He brings them to a halt on the embankment, and gives the, at ease. The fading sound of the locomotive can be heard.

752. EXT. EMBANKMENT - ANOTHER ANGLE - on Colonel Nicholson striding down toward the bridge. He glances o.s. toward the waiting Japanese troops.

753. EXT. EMBANKMENT - from the Colonel's point of view, toward the Jap soldiers, at ease. To the Colonel's gaze, they are a slovenly lot.

754. EXT. BRIDGE - shooting toward the right bank and Col. Nicholson as, giving a little shrug, he continues toward the bridge. As he reaches it, he stops.

755. CLOSE SHOT - NICHOLSON - as he looks at the bridge with quiet triumph.

756. FULL SHOT - THE BRIDGE - from the Colonel's point of view.

757. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT - HICHOLSON - as he starts toward the bridge. There is the distant whistle of the approaching train.

758. EXT. BRIDGE - as the Colonel strides across it, making his last personal tour of inspection. He is content with what he sees. He goes to the railing on the up-river side, looks down and along the piles briefly, then continues on. Five or six yards on, he goes to the rail on the down-river, O.P. side, looks each way.

759. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - lying in the underbrush, and staring, puzzled, o.s. toward the Colonel on the bridge.

760. EXT. BRIDGE - on the Colonel as he strides forward again, his sharp, pleased eyes taking in the construction. Once more, he steps to the railing on the O.P. side and looks down into the water. This time he straightens, frowns, and looks down again.

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761. EXT. BRIDGE - THE PILE - from the Colonel's point of view. A dark patch is visible against the pile just below the surface.

762. EXT. BRIDGE - on the Colonel. Not sure that he has seen anything, he goes on. There is the distant WHISTLE of the approaching train.

763. CLOSE SHOT - on Warden and Yai as they react to the whistle, then look o.s. watching the Colonel, as puzzled as Joyce.

764. CLOSE SHOT - Shears, as he looks down toward the bridge, puzzled by the Colonel, too.

765. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - and the small figure of the Colonel, leaning over the rail.

766. EXT. BRIDGE - on the Colonel, staring down into the water, perplexed, The SOUND of the approaching train grows louder.

767. EXT. BRIDGE - THE PILE the Colonel is looking at. The dark blob against the pile is visible.

768. EXT. BRIDGE - on the Colonel, puzzled, his pleasant mood completely spoiled. He turns and retraces his steps, pausing for an occasional glance over the rail. As he nears the end of the bridge on the camp side, his restless glance is caught by Joyce's island. He stops, suddenly, staring toward the island.

769. EXT. ISLAND - from the Colonel's point of view. The weights attached to the battery wire glitter in the sunlight.

770. EXT. BRIDGE - on the Colonel, mystified. He goes forward toward the end of the bridge.

771. EXT. RIVER BANK - CAMPSIDE. Saito, still having trouble with his sword, is walking toward the bridge, as the Colonel reaches the bank.

NICHOLSON
(sharply)
Colonel, will you come with me?

Puzzled by his tone, Saito obeys. The Colonel waits for him, then turns towards the downstream side of the bridge. There is the SOUND of the train whistle, closer.

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772. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - shooting past the waiting Japanese soldiers. In the far distance, under its plume of black smoke, the train can be seen.

773. EXT. RIVER BANK - where the Colonel is agilely sliding down toward Joyce's island, followed less gracefully by Saito.

774. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - in the underbrush, astounded and confused by their approach.

775. MED. LONG SHOT - THE ISLAND - from Warden's point of view. The Colonel and Saito can be seen clambering down and crossing the stretch of sand and rocks to the island.

776. CLOSE SHOT - Warden and Yai. Warden looking through his field glasses, is staggered.

WARDEN
(numbly)
But he's leading him to it - our own man ....

777. EXT. O.P. - on Shears, staring down through his glasses toward the island. The SOUND of the train engine is coming closer. He drops the glasses, and his hand goes to the knife at his belt and pulls it free, as if willing his message to Joyce. Ladda stares at him, bewildered.

778. EXT. ISLAND - as the Colonel and Saito skirt Joyce's hiding place and go down toward the sand. Saito is bewildered.

779. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - watching them, tense, frightened. Instinctively, his hand brings up his knife.

780. CLOSE SHOT - WARDEN - staring o.s. toward the island.

781. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - on the oncoming train.

782. EXT. JOYCE'S ISLAND. The Colonel and Saito have reached the beach and the exposed wire. The Colonel points to the wire, vindicated.

NICHOLSON
There you see? I thought I saw something.

Saito looks down at the wire, puzzled, then squats to examine it closer.

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783. CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE - as he knows that the moment has come. He is ready for it. He starts forward.

784-787. EXT. ISLAND - as Joyce, crouched low, streaks out of the brush and across the sand. Saito is still squatting down to the wire, his back toward Joyce. Joyce is on him now. Without hesitation, he uses the knife. Saito goes down, with Joyce sprawled over him. The Colonel, astounded, stares down at them. What he sees is Saito, face down in the sand, and a wild-looking man in tatters, plunging his knife into him. The Colonel is staggered. With Saito limp and dead beneath him, Joyce sags, exhausted. The Colonel comes to. He turns toward the bank and the invisible soldiers, and yells.

NICHOLSON
Help! Bandits- help! --

Joyce is startled, confused. The Colonel springs at him, and bears him down, one hand gripping his knife wrist, the other clutching at his throat. Joyce struggles, but he is spent. The Colonel's fingers on his windpipe cut off his breath, and he is unable to speak. He tries to fight the Colonel off with his free left hand, his right hand, encumbered by the knife he never dreams of using, almost limp in the Colonel's grip.

788. EXT. EMBANKMENT. Japanese Soldiers are running toward the island.

789. EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - MED. LONG SHOT - on the train, coming toward CAMERA.

790. EXT. WARDEN'S COVER POINT. He is watching the fight on the island through his glasses.

WARDEN
(frantic)
Use your knife boy! Use your knife!

791. EXT. ISLAND - through Warden's field glasses - on Joyce and the Colonel struggling. It has still never occurred to Joyce to use his knife on the Colonel. Now he drops it. His hand is free now, and he brings it into play. CAMERA PANS UP toward the bank. Running Soldiers are nearing the island.

792. EXT. WARDEN'S COVER POINT. Shattered, Warden drops the glasses and dashes out of the brush. Yai follows him. CAMERA PANS with them as they tear through the brush, leap across the track, spring to the edge of the bank and dive into the water.

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793. EXT. BANK - CAMPSIDE - as Jap Soldiers begin to jump down toward the island.

794. EXT. O.P. as Shears looks down in agonised helplessness.

795. MED. LONG SHOT - THE RIVER - from Shears' point of view; the small figures of Warden and Yai swimming with all their strength; the two tiny figures locked in combat on the beach; the Jap Soldiers swarming down toward them. And, beyond the bridge, the train approaching.

796. EXT. ISLAND - as Joyce manages to get the Colonel's hands from his throat.

JOYCE
(gasping)
American officer - joint operation ---
to blow up the bridge ...

The Colonel is astounded. He stops fighting. Joyce pushes him off, gets up and runs toward the hidden plunger box. The Colonel, dazed, runs after him. He clutches Joyce by the arm.

NICHOLSON
Blow up the bridge ----?

Joyce jerks his arm away.

JOYCE
Get away! They'll think you're in it, too ..

Again he sprints toward the plunger. The Colonel gallops after him.

NICHOLSON
But you don't understand --!

But Joyce is already too late. The first of the Jap Soldiers have already passed the hidden plunger box and are running toward them. They see Saito's body. The Jap nearest the Colonel clubs him with his rifle butt. The Colonel goes down. The others swarm over Joyce.

797. EXT. RIVER - as Yai and then Warden reach the beach, and stagger up it, too late.

798. EXT. ISLAND. Some of the Japs fire. Yai, riddled, goes down in shallow water. Warden, hit, staggers on, his knife flashing in the sunlight. He gets one Jap, and then is borne down under the weight of numbers.

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799. EXT. O.P. Where Shears, on his knees, is staring down, shattered.

800. EXT. EMBANKMENT. The train is speeding toward the bridge. As Shears had predicted, it is decorated with flags and streamers, and the windows are crowded with flag-waving Soldiers.

801-803. EXT. ISLAND. The beach is alive with Japanese Soldiers now. Some of them have turned over Saito's body, and are preparing to carry him away. Others are dragging Warden and Joyce, both bleeding, toward the bank. Two Soldiers are in the water up to their knees, holding and peering at the wire.

804. MED. CLOSE SHOT - NICHOLSON. Bleeding, dazed and sick, he is struggling to his feet.

805. EXT. ISLAND. Two Soldiers are tracing the wire through the brush toward the hidden plunger box.

806. EXT. EMBANKMENT - as the train, flags and streamers whipping the wind, roars down to the bridge.

807. EXT. ISLAND. Joyce and Warden are being dragged toward the bank.

808. CLOSE SHOT - JAPANESE SOLDIER. He launches himself forward with his bayonet.

809. CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER JAPANESE SOLDIER - lunging with his bayonet.

810. CLOSE SHOT - SHEARS AND LADDA - staring down in horror.

811. MED. LONG SHOT - THE ISLAND - from their point of view. Amid the confusion of running figures, there are two groups of Soldiers in motion, like ants over crumbs. The train whistle screams triumphantly over the shot.

812. EXT. O.P. - as Shears throws himself toward the mortar, swing it in the direction of the island, loads it.

813. EXT. ISLAND - GROUP SHOT - SOLDIERS. They are jabbing at something on the ground with their bayonets.

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814. CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL NICHOLSON. He is staring at them, the light of realization growing in his eyes. There is the sound of an o.s. explosion.

815. EXT. RIVER. A mortar bomb has exploded in the water near the island.

816. EXT. BRIDGE. The train, flags fluttering, is speeding across the bridge.

817. EXT. O.P. Shears fires the mortar again and again. We hear the o.s. explosions.

818. EXT. ISLAND. Dust, smoke and sand obscure it. There is another explosion. From it, we see the plunger box thrown high in the air, still trailing its wire.

819. CLOSE PANNING SHOT - THE PLUNGER BOX - as it whirls in the air, turns over and falls toward the ground.

820. EXT. OBSERVATION POST. Shears is firing without pause. Ladda is staring down toward the island in dazed horror. There is a tremendous, ear-splitting, sustained explosion, much louder than any before.

821. FULL SHOT - EXT. RIVER AND BRIDGE. The charges have gone off. The entire middle of the bridge and the train are rising into the air. Wood and metal fly in all directions.

The train plunges into the river.

822. EXT. O.P. Shears and Ladda are frozen in their positions. There are distant shrieks from the demolished and drowned train. Shears gathers his strength, and slowly pushes himself to his knees, and then to his feet. Dizzily, he looks down toward the river.

823. MED. LONG SHOT - THE BRIDGE - from Shears' point of view, blasted, shattered, burning, askew, a broad gaping emptiness, in its middle. Below it, piled crazily in the water are the remains of the train, some of the cars on fire. Tiny figures can be seen crawling among the wreckage, and others are in the water. Shrill screams, muted by distance, can be heard. Smoke is rising in a grey cloud. The engine, lying on its side in the river, explodes.

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824. EXT. O.P. on Shears and Ladda, as they stare down toward the river. Ladda, stunned and uncomprehending, is staring down toward the island. Shears, dazed himself, turns and looks in the same direction, afraid of what he will see, yet knowing he must.

825. MED. LONG SHOT - THE ISLAND - from Shears' point of view. There is no sign of life nor movement among the tiny, shattered figures sprawled in the sand and underbrush. A moment later, there is the distant SOUND of scattered o.s. rifle fire.

826. EXT. O.P. - on Shears and Ladda, looking emptily down toward the island. There is the o.s. whine of rifle bullets, going wide. Shears passes a hand across his eyes wearily, turns away. His eyes meet Ladda's. She looks at him with horror and accusation.

SHEARS
I didn't do it for the bridge! ... It was for them. They were cutting them up, you saw it. I didn't do if for the bridge. It was a fluke - it wouldn't happen again in a thousand times.

Her expression of uncomprehending horror is unchanged. He stops, remembering that his words are meaningless to her. The distant rifle fire is increasing and coming closer. Shears turns with infinite weariness to the packs, gets two and a tommy gun, and calls to the girl.

SHEARS
(dully)
Hey ....

She is looking down toward the island, and gives no sign that she has heard. He drags himself to her, takes her by the shoulder and turns her around. Numb with shock, she takes the pack he gives her. He starts her toward the brush, and she obeys mechanically. Very tired now, Shears leans on her, and she takes the burden without complaint. They move toward the brush. Shears looks down at her. Now her eyes are filling, with her first tears.

SHEARS
He should have used the knife on both of them. That's where it went wrong. If it'd been me ....

He sees the slow tears, and stops. They move slowly toward the brush.

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826.
Ctd.

SHEARS
And neither one of us even knew his first name ...

They go on past the CAMERA and out of view. Where they have been, past the brink of the O.P. smoke continues to rise slowly, billowing up toward the bright morning sky.

FADE OUT:

THE END.

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